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KRUSHCHEV'S GREATEST GAMBLE

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STRUGGLE FOR THE MIDDLE EAST—II

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Vladimir Dedijer

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The Meaning of Mr Cousins

THE Torquay conference of the Transport and General Workers Union may prove a turning-point in our social history. The largest trade union in this country, long noted for its moderation, has assumed the leadership of a new working-class offensive, directed not only towards immediate bread-and-butter interests, but also towards far-reaching changes in the social order. And, in Mr Frank Cousins, it has thrown up a leader who can speak for and move his members for these ends as no one has done since Arthur Cook led the miners into action.

This is a shift in the power relations both of the Labour movement and of our society. Though it has plainly been maturing in recent years, it may come as a surprise to those who recall Mr Deakin as the hammer of the Left, and the card-vote of the Transport Workers as the main prop of the Right. But once the surprise is over, Mr Cousins is bound to be given the full treatment by the leader-writers of Fleet Street. Mr Bevan served his turn as a sinister bogyman: after Suez, the brickbats were hurled at Mr Gaitskell. Now we can expect to see Mr Cousins pilloried as an irresponsible demagogue, driving the country to ruinous inflation in a futile attempt to secure a sectional advantage for his members. We shall read solemn lectures which will explain how Mr Deakin and his colleagues on the TUC General Council stood firm for the public interest, and moving appeals for those of them that remain on the General Council to restrain Mr Cousins from tearing up the pound.

To all this there are two blunt answers. The first of them was given by Mr Cousins last year at the TUC and again at Torquay this week. Trade unions exist to defend the living standards of their members. If they are operating under a government which, by its social policies, is trying to maintain and improve those standards, they may hold back direct wage-demands because other means are being used to secure a growing share of the national income for the wage-earner. But, as Mr Cousins said, 'if there is freedom for all, then we are part of the all.' And 'freedom' has been the declared objective of the Tory governments since 1951. They set out to redress the 'unfair' distribution of the national income secured during and after the war by social legislation, by the increased power given the unions by full employment, and by government control of investment, prices and profits. Mr Butler, Mr Macmillan and Mr Thorneycroft have abandoned all controls, and left dear money to do the job. They have cut subsidies to ribbons, lifted the tax burden on the well-to-do, and passed two rent acts to benefit the landlords. In such circumstances, it is hypocrisy for the government to appeal to the unions to 'save the country'.

The second objection to the 'super-court' for wages, prices and profits is equally straightforward. If trade unions, in a catch-as-catch-can society, accept the decisions of such a court about the way the national income shall be divided, first as between wage-earners and the rest, and then as between different unions, they surrender their main purpose in life—and they would rapidly lose all authority over their members. Voluntary wage-restraint is not impossible or undesirable, and some structural reforms are now needed within the trade union movement. But an essential condition of such co-operation between the unions and the government is a genuine attempt to plan the whole economy, both for increased production and for fairer shares.

This should be remembered when Mr Thorneycroft starts to attack the unions. All of us would prefer stable prices to a yearly struggle to bring money wages into line. We should prefer to see production increasing, rather than stagnating. But this is not possible in an economy at the mercy of Tory dogma. On both counts this government has failed: it has stimulated inflation and it has let our industrial output lag behind its foreign competitors. That is why the Transport Workers have coupled their rejection of wage-control with a reaffirmation of Socialist policies. It is a stupid catch-phrase to say that Mr Cousins has betrayed all that Arthur Deakin stood for in industrial matters. What he has done is to give point and leadership to a militancy which was gathering force even in the last years of Mr Deakin's life—a militancy which is a direct reaction against the policies of Mr Butler and Mr Thorneycroft.

Comments on the Week's News

Disarmament: Outlook Uncertain

Until last week, the key to the disarmament negotiations at Lancaster House seemed to lie in Washington; now it has shifted to Moscow. No one can dispute that Mr Zorin's latest statement, in which he virtually rejected the new western proposals, was disappointing. He appeared to refuse even an agreement in principle for control of nuclear production, on the grounds that this was inapplicable in practice. By the criteria we outlined last week, therefore, the responsibility for a breakdown in negotiations now rests with Russia. But it is premature to conclude, as most observers have done, that the Zorin statement means that the present session will end in total failure. Zorin's speech coincided with the culmination of an internal political crisis which has been gathering momentum since mid-June; his position, in short, is at least as uncertain as that of Mr Stassen would be in a presidential election. Mr Krushchev appears to owe his domestic victory partly to the support of the army; and the army may be playing a similar role in the negotiations as the Pentagon in Washington. But this does not mean, now the crisis has been resolved, that Mr Krushchev will necessarily maintain a 'tougher' line on disarmament. The outlook for disarmament is obscure rather than sombre.

Britain Tiptoes Out

Although the 'Little Europeans' in Britain are currently staging a high-powered and expensive publicity campaign in favour of the Free Trade Zone – Tuesday's meeting in the Central Hall is a case in point – the Carolingian cause continues to falter. At the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' meeting, Britain's decision to exclude agricultural products from the zone received unanimous support, and the economic discussions, which are being continued by technical committees this week, are based on the assumption that imperial preference will continue to apply to agriculture. Indeed, in his TV appearance last Sunday, Mr Macmillan blandly scuttled the 'third force' economic policy he so noisily proclaimed immediately after he formed his government ('We do not intend to tiptoe out of Europe . . .'), by bluntly stating that the Commonwealth came first. Meanwhile, in Paris, M. Pineau told the Assembly, which passed the Common Market and Euratom treaties by a comfortable (if apathetic) majority, that the exclusion of agricultural products, as a condition of Britain's entry into the Zone, was unacceptable to France. He was, of course, speaking for internal consumption, and it may be that a compromise will eventually be reached. But it is clear, as this journal forecast in February, that the impetus towards European union which the Suez crisis, by emphasising the relative weakness of Europe, appeared at one time to give, has now been dissipated.

Pay for Peers?

There can be no objection to the fact that MPs' salaries have been raised: there are several to the methods by which it has been done. There is little justification for including with the increase, in a 'package deal', increases in the pay of junior ministers and the Leader of the Opposition; and no justification whatever for combining it with a proposal to pay an expense allowance to peers. With only £1,280 a year, a member of parliament could not both do his job properly and make ends meet. This could not be said of junior ministers, who used to earn £1,500 a year, plus £500 a year from their parliamentary salary. For them, the justification for the increase is merely that office has often meant financial sacrifice. And why not? It is harder still to make sense of the increase in the pay of the Leader of the Opposition from £2,500 a year to £3,750: unlike ministers, he is not debarred from earning money outside parliament. As for the expense allowance for peers, it is disquieting to see the Parliamentary Labour Party apparently accepting so easily the principle not only that there should be hereditary legislators but that they should be paid for the privilege. Perhaps some Labour peers were financially embarrassed by having to spend time on parliamentary business. These could have been paid an allowance by the Labour Party itself. In any case, poverty-stricken Labour peers may benefit much less from the new changes than wealthy men who can now claim that their journeys to London are necessitated by their attendance (no doubt brief) in the Lords.

Domination in Kenya

It is sensible to expect that, in the present state of social and political consciousness in Kenya, constitutional amendments should be agreed by all the races. But what mathematical formula could possibly satisfy the overriding condition demanded by the European elected members of the Legislative Council? In a statement published last week they lay down that the first provision of any constitution must be 'that no racial group or combination of racial groups can dominate the other groups or group.' This is simply nonsense. So far the number of European elected members has been equal to the combined strength of the Africans, Asians, and Arabs. If anyone has been in a position to dominate all other groups it has certainly been the Europeans. Now that they see their bastions of privilege falling, they have made this plaintive cry for 'no domination.' Yet so long as representation is by racial group it is inevitable that some combinations of such groups will be able to outvote others. The willingness of the European members to discuss constitutional changes, and even to consider an increase in African representation without parallel increases in other groups, is welcome news. It is meaningless unless it implies that the Europeans must now be prepared to face a majority of Non-European members. Ultimately the Europeans must realise that their only protection as a minority is to take racialism out of politics.

Welensky and the Tories

It is time that there was some plain speaking on the situation in the Central African Federation. Pressure from Welensky and his supporters to break the constitutional safeguards retained at Westminster before the next Labour government takes office has been mounting for some time. At the time of the federation debates in 1953 certain specific commitments were made laying down racial partnership as the principle of federation, retaining British responsibility for foreign policy, preserving a veto on certain forms of federal legislation, reserving some powers (particularly on African affairs) to the territorial governments, and leaving the United Kingdom parliament with the final power of legislation. All these commitments were written into the federal constitution. Recently, as revealed by a memorandum of the Conservative Commonwealth Council, some Tories have been supporting Welensky in attempting to remove these constitutional safeguards before the next British election. Their pressure was successful to the extent that in April Mr Lennox-Boyd agreed that the UK parliament would not legislate without a request from the Federation. It should be said plainly that this undertaking has no constitutional force whatever and binds no one other than the present Colonial Secretary. It should be stated equally frankly that any amendment of these constitutional safeguards before the conference scheduled to take place between 1960 and 1962 would be illegal unless enacted by the UK parliament. It is inconceivable that the House of Commons would break the pledges solemnly laid down in 1953. This agitation can only exacerbate race relations in Central Africa, and clearly reveals the vigilance still demanded when some Tories are faced with the opportunity of giving power to a white minority over a vast black majority.

Almighty Dollars

For the first time, *Fortune's* annual directory of the 500 largest US industrial corporations has branched out into the foreign field, and lists the 100 largest industrial corporations outside the US. Size is calculated by total sales, and only those companies deriving at least half their income from manufacturing or mining operations are listed; the picture of the relative financial and economic power of private enterprise of the US and the rest of the 'free world' is therefore not complete, since banking is excluded. Nevertheless, a comparison of the lists does reveal the overwhelming preponderance of US business. In the United States, 32 corporations now have annual sales in excess of $1,000 million; in the rest of the free world there are only six. In the US 78 have sales of $500 million or over; in the rest of the free world only 20. The survey also reveals the relative preponderance of Britain: of the six non-American $1,000 million corporations, the two leaders (Royal Dutch-Shell and Unilever) are Anglo-Dutch, and three others (Imps, BP and ICI) are British; of those with $500 million-plus sales, 10 out of 20 are British or Anglo-Dutch. Lower down the scale, however, the growing importance of West Germany emerges: of the 100 corporations listed, 23 are German, as against 31 British; and four German steel combines have now passed the $500 million mark. Nevertheless, the chief impression left by a study of the survey is that, except in the fields of oil and chemicals, American corporations are of a totally different magnitude to their competitors in the rest of the world: the average size of the first 100 US corporations is over three times that of their equivalents elsewhere, though with approximately the same number of employees. From this it could be argued, with some truth, that America's economic power is roughly three times as great as that of the rest of the non-Communist countries together; and all the available evidence suggests that this enormous gap is steadily growing wider.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

Clean and Dirty

A lot of Strontium-90 has flowed into the air since Adlai Stevenson proposed, if elected, to seek an American-Russian agreement to stop testing hydrogen bombs. Even charitable Republicans called the Democratic nominee ignorant and demagogic, and the less indulgent hinted darkly and as usual at subversion. President Eisenhower himself scorned his opponent's pledge as 'pie-in-the-sky' promises, loftily remarking that even an election campaign did not justify 'a moratorium on common sense.' But so dim had memories of the campaign become by mid-June, not to mention memories of Mr Stevenson, that the President could tell reporters, without a trace of self-consciousness, that he would be 'perfectly delighted to make some satisfactory arrangement' with the Soviet Union 'for temporary suspension of tests.'

By the end of the month, however, Mr Eisenhower had had some third or fourth thoughts on the subject. He was quite prepared to pursue the ban on testing, as part of a first step toward general disarmament, but he thought the press should know 'the other side of the picture,' which providentially had just been revealed to him by a group of American nuclear scientists.

The uncertainty conveyed by the President at that point was the climax to a week in which hopes for a preliminary agreement with the Russians seemed to go glimmering. At the same time Harold Stassen's stock, never really high in the capital, sank to its normal level. For two days prior to the press conference his playmates on the Eisenhower 'team' had been industriously hacking away at the branch on which he sat as disarmament negotiator. On Monday Admiral Lewis Strauss, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, arrived at the White House with three top physicists, who disclosed to the President their progress in the development of 'clean bombs.' They had achieved 96 per cent purity already, just three per cent under Ivory Soap, and given four or five more years of testing, they said, they could produce an H-Bomb without radioactive fallout – 'just like TNT, except tremendously more powerful.' In the face of such an advance toward civilised bombing it was clear that the question, as the President said, was 'not black and white.'

The day after the scientists' visit, Secretary Dulles told reporters, in effect, that Mr Stassen was hardly more than a glorified errand boy. Asked whether there was any point in having a group of Senators sit in on the disarmament talks, Dulles suggested that they could find out more at home. 'London,' meaning Stassen, he said, 'is on the receiving end; Washington is the formative end . . .' Since these episodes the President has several times repeated his determination to seek an agreement on testing, but it is a presidential determination that is again clouded by ambivalence.

Like its explosives, the ironies of the nuclear age are too glaring to be looked at directly. Having perfected a 'clean bomb,' which at its worst might melt a city and vaporise a million people but would not make genetic freaks of the survivors' descendants, we are suddenly faced with the desirability of sharing the cleansing formula. After all, why should we use clean bombs on an enemy and have them, by default, drop dirty ones on us? 'I would hope,' the President told the press, 'that they would learn how to use clean bombs, and if they ever used atomic bombs, would use clean ones – for the simple reason that then at least we make them specific weapons instead of weapons of general and uncontrolled destruction.' This strategic concept has its comforts.

On the other hand, the suggestion of sharing any sort of atomic information with the Russians for any purpose whatever automatically chills the spine of Senators and causes congressional hair to stand on end. While the reaction is perfectly understandable, the fact appears to remain that the more we hug to ourselves the technique for eliminating fallout, the longer we allow the atmosphere, our own included, to become unnecessarily polluted just by testing. As for war, it would seem, we increase the relative risk to ourselves while reducing the risk we present to the enemy.

An even greater irony is the possibility, already evident, that as prospects brighten for cleaner, neater, and smaller nuclear weapons (cheaper, too, and they come in an attractive cellophane wrapper), enthusiasm for disarmament may fade along with the acute anxiety that inspired it. A prominent Washington hostess recently gave a little talk, entitled 'Time to Reflect,' in which this wholesome perspective was apparent. 'Of course, some of us might worry a little about the Middle East and the budget,' she reflected. 'And then there's the healthy scare of nuclear weapons. But then we shouldn't become complacent.'

ROBERT BENDINER

Westminster

Mental Health and Members' Pay

A Royal Commission is often a handy escape route for a government in difficulties. The process runs something like this. A minister, pressed for action or a change in the law in some controversial field, will hedge and play for time in the hope that the pressure will die down. When pressure mounts instead, the government, its back firmly against the wall, appoints a Royal Commission.

This procedure has the very great merit of shelving the problem for two or three years, or even longer. The minister can parry any awkward question by a reference to the Commission. The chief disadvantages of a Royal Commission from the government's standpoint is that in the end it must report. Nothing on earth can stop the eventual emergence of a bulky volume, bristling with recommendations, bound in the blue blotting-paper that distinguishes the publications of Her Majesty's Stationery Office. The appearance of the report is the signal for a barrage of questions about the government's intentions. A debate is demanded and the Leader of the House replies that HMG is still considering this extremely valuable report, and that in any case the parliamentary timetable is very full just at the moment. With any luck, the hue and cry dies down and the report is quietly interred, which was the government's intention all along. A handful of more or less distinguished persons have given up much of their time, a certain amount of public money has been spent, the relevant facts have been conveniently gathered under one cover, and that is that.

A worthier fate is in store for the admirable report of the Royal Commission on the law relating to Mental Illness and Mental Deficiency. This week the House of Commons set up what must be a record by debating the report within six weeks of publication. The debate was constructive, rather than exciting, and the proposals were generally welcomed. In the absence in hospital of the Minister of Health, his Parliamentary Secretary opened, but since the two are almost indistinguishable from each other at a casual glance, some members may not have noticed. Mr Vaughan-Morgan said in 22 minutes all that needed to be said. Mr R. A. Butler, looking less pained than usual, intervened later to promise new legislation, though not necessarily in the coming session.

Mr Butler, like all the members who spoke in the debate, is deeply interested in mental health and anxious to see the proposals implemented. But it looks as if his excellent intentions are going to be frustrated by Mr Henry Brooke, the Minister of Housing and Local Government. The Commission proposes to place new responsibilities on local health authorities for community care services for the mentally sick. These duties will be expensive to discharge, and Mr Brooke has chosen this moment to announce that local authorities will get less financial help from the government in future. Altogether no fewer than 17 members were able to speak in a debate that was two hours shorter than usual. Even taking four front-bench speeches into account, the average length was well under 15 minutes.

The fact that this was an unusually satisfactory debate confirms one's suspicion that House of Commons speeches are in general far too long. Ministers are apt to think that the importance of their utterance is in direct proportion to its length. The opposition Front Bench regards it as a point of honour to take up roughly the same number of minutes as the minister. Backbenchers seldom hesitate to repeat points that have been adequately made by preceding speakers. This is why in any major debate at least half those members wishing to speak fail to catch the Speaker's eye. The fewer opportunities a member has to speak the more he inclines to prolixity when at long last he is called.

Speeches were few and, with one exception, short when the House legislated to increase parliamentary salaries. Now that the government had taken the plunge and found the water less chilly than they feared, there was a general desire to get the business quickly and quietly out of the way. But Mr Kenneth Pickthorn, who always looks as if he would be happier treading a bed of red-hot nails, succeeded in making a naturally delicate situation more embarrassing than it need have been. His lecture on the dangers of inflation was trite where it was not incoherent – 'all that matters at such a time,' he told us, 'is to know what it is that does matter at that time.' A House which usually listens sympathetically to minority views showed mounting irritation. No one can accuse Mr Pickthorn of wanting to be loved. For the rest there was no opposition to the salary increases. The cohorts of Tory backbenchers, so vociferous when the topic was last discussed, were silent. The echoes of the Conservative Women's Conference were stilled. No one even quoted the editorial rumblings from Printing House Square. It was hard to understand why the matter could not have been settled long ago, when the case was equally strong.

KENNETH ROBINSON

Krushchev's Greatest Gamble

THIRTY years ago Stalin began to break up the 'collective leadership' that held together for a few uneasy years after the death of Lenin. Playing his opponents off against each other, he squeezed them out. Trotsky, Zinoviev, Kamenev and Bukharin – one by one they lost their jobs, their liberty and finally their heads. And, as they struggled to save themselves, Stalin methodically packed the offices of the party and the state with men on whom he could rely. Has the same process begun again? Is Krushchev bidding for the same unfettered power that Stalin once wielded, using the intrigues of the 'anti-party group' as an excuse for eliminating powerful rivals? In blaming Malenkov for excesses committed during the purges, is he resolving a 'blood-feud' that dates back to the intricate obscurities of the Leningrad affair in 1949, or even earlier? And will the campaign against the dismissed leaders lead to a new cycle of trials, purges and police terror?

Such questions are prompted by the superficial similarities between 1927 and 1957. And too little is known of the intrigues within the Kremlin to give any certain answers to them: we do not know, for instance, exactly what happened to Beria and why; what role Zhukhov and the army have played in both crises; or what private deals may be made to induce a waverer such as Shepilov to shift from one faction to another. Yet, in this case, the personal details do not matter as much as some commentators believe. The issue that is being fought out in the Soviet Union today is not a meaningless power-struggle between ambitious men: it is a reflection of a genuine struggle between interest groups in Soviet society, and it is more profitable to try to identify and analyse those groups than to use such catch-phrases as 'blood-feud' or 'return to Stalinism.'

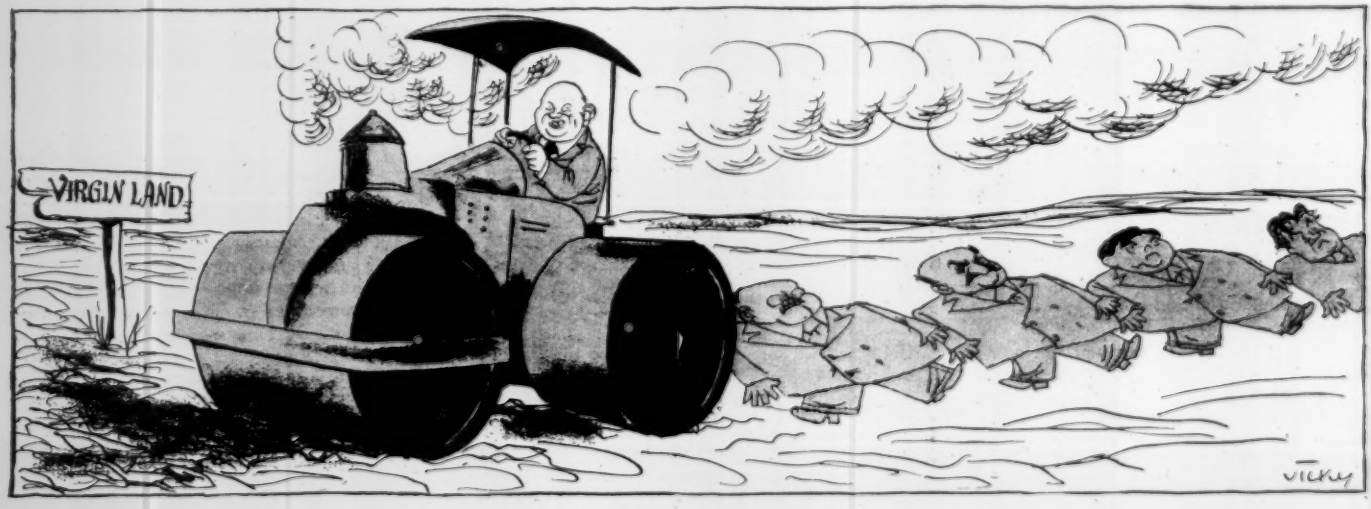
Since Stalin died, it seems that the 'collective leadership' of the Presidium has fallen into three broad divisions. First, Molotov and Kaganovich have been the conservatives, suspicious of any changes which might weaken the tight control that Stalin established over the Soviet people and the regimes of eastern Europe. Next, in alliance with the planners Pervukhin and Saburov, Malenkov has been the spokesman for the technocrats. They have recognised the need for concessions, especially in the economic field, which would correct some of the grosser mistakes of Stalinism. They represent the younger men who have made careers as bureaucrats and functionaries of the state apparatus. Some western observers have too gliby marked them down as 'liberals', partly because they have smooth manners and partly because they seemed anxious to modernise the creaking machine of the Soviet economy. It does seem that Malenkov and his associates realised that the new leadership could not just rely on police terror; that it had to bid for popular support in terms of higher living standards and for the backing of the technocrats by offering them more responsibility and more elbow-room in which to exercise it. But Malenkov's domestic and foreign policies were conceived essentially as a means of preserving the establishment – that is, the machine built under Stalin's control – and this view seems finally to have led him into an alliance with Molotov and Kaganovich against Krushchev.

For whom, then, does Krushchev speak? The clue lies in his 'secret' speech – and in the long editorial which *Pravda* published on the day that the news broke of the dismissal of his colleagues. Krushchev, for all his personal idiosyncrasies, for all that he was Stalin's servant, for all his apparent preference for empiricism over theory, seems to be a convinced Leninist. And that means that he sees the Communist Party, not the police or the state apparatus, as the spine of Soviet society. The most bitter passages of his speech at the 20th Congress were those in which he described the damage that Stalin did to the party—the murder of its most able leaders, the suppression of party democracy, the substitution of the police for the party as the means of 'directing' popular reactions and behaviour. And through all his actions in the last three years there runs a single theme: rebuild the party (the phrase comes from *Pravda*) as a 'vigorous, voluntary, democratic organisation.' Krushchev's concept of de-Stalinisation, in short, seems to have been aimed at establishing the supremacy of the party, first over the secret police (the Beria episode) and now over the 'all-Union' bureaucratic machine based on Moscow. The point here is that de-Stalinisation does not mean 'liberalism' – at least in the sense that many Hungarian, Polish and, it seems, Soviet intellectuals took it.

This process has passed through several stages. At times Krushchev has carried the middle group in the Presidium with him – and de-Stalinisation has then moved quickly. Then he has run into trouble – over the first year's results in the virgin lands, over Poznan, Warsaw and Budapest, over his plan to decentralise the Soviet economy – and the waverers have swung against him. This, broadly, is the analysis of Krushchev's inconsistency which Marshal Tito made in his speech at Pula on 11 November, and the events of the last two weeks suggest that Tito had a shrewd idea what was happening. And this, of course, explains why the *Pravda* editorial of 3 July harks back to the 20th Congress in such glowing terms and denounces the 'anti-party group' for clinging to outdated ideas and methods that did duty under Stalin. It is a call to the party membership to rally against the 'sectarians' who still wish Russia to be ruled by a closely-knit elite of state functionaries and bureaucratic planners. Just as Harry Truman went out on his whistle-stop tour to rouse America against the 'do-nothing 80th Congress,' so Krushchev has taken the stump to rally the party organisation against the privileged 'dogmatists' in the Kremlin.

In all this Krushchev may be playing the demagogue, and playing the part for his own personal ends. But what matters is what he has done, and its consequences, not the personal motives which prompted him. And the issue on which the present crisis arose presented this clash of interests in the sharpest possible form. Krushchev believed that a drastic reorganisation of the Soviet economy was essential, and that de-centralisation was the key to greater flexibility. The dead hand of the central bureaucracy had to be lifted from Soviet industry and agriculture (the 'collective' had previously had to pry key industries and factories loose from the private empire of the secret police) and much greater administrative autonomy had to be offered to the lower levels of the state and the economy. This demand struck directly at the interests represented by his opponents in the Presidium, and they blocked it. Krushchev had to give way – but he took his plan to the country, and by an astute manoeuvre rallied both public opinion and, more to the point, the party machine behind him. Faced with a showdown within the Presidium, he appealed to the full Central Committee in a special session. In that showdown, the alliance of conservatives and technocrats lost. Ever since the 20th Congress they had fought a rear-guard action, using up their accumulated stock of power and influence to obstruct Krushchev's plans, and when the showdown finally came they found themselves out-gunned.

What does this mean for the future? It is not



difficult to 'place' Krushchev now, even it if is hard to explain what motives and ambitions drive him forward, for he has spelt out his platform in detail. Close relations with the Chinese Communists – and with the army leadership. (Apart from his growing control over the party organisation, Krushchev seems to have used his understandings with Mao and Zhukov as a kind of 'card-vote' at meetings of the Presidium.) He has begun to do something about a more flexible industrial machine, and a freer market for peasant products; better housing, and less 'Russification' of the minorities are promised; and the policy is set in the verbal framework of 'relaxation of tension.' We, like the Russians, still wait to see what the words mean. But this, at least, is the standard by which Krushchev invites the world – and the Russians – to judge whether the 'decisions of the 20th Congress' are being realised.

Can this be done? Krushchev must know that in disrupting the 'collective' on these grounds he is making the most spectacular gamble of his career. The risks are enormous. He may not be able to keep events in the channel he has now marked out. He can release a tide of feeling which can sweep across the Communist world as it did after the 20th Congress. He can over-reach himself, and fall victim to a Kremlin plot, or be forced to maintain himself against intrigue by the vicious circle of plot and terror which made Stalinism an evil synonym for despotism. Yet the comparison with Stalin's rise to power misses the point. Stalin built his dictatorship against the party, for a truly Leninist party, however limited its 'democratic' functions might be, could not screw the utmost out of the Soviet people; and international tension gave Stalin the excuse for making the secret police the instrument of the 'sharpening class-struggle' within the USSR. Krushchev, on the contrary, presents the party as the instrument of an easier and more prosperous life in a world where, he says, tension can be diminished. These slogans may, as we have seen in the past year, have a vitality of their own – and by using them Krushchev has given fresh impetus to the forces of change within Communist society.

India and the Commonwealth

When Sir Anthony Eden addressed members of parliament in Delhi in the spring of 1955, Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Vice-President of India, observed: 'Commonwealth means for us complete independence and informal association, sharing of ideals, though not of allegiance, of purposes though not of loyalties, common discussions which lead to better understanding of our problems and not binding decisions which restrict the independence of member states.' Years earlier, in 1949, when defending in the Constituent Assembly the government of India's decision to stay in the Commonwealth, Mr Nehru declared: 'It is a good augury for the future that the old conflict between India and England should be resolved in this friendly way which is honourable to both countries. There are too many disruptive forces in the world . . . and any opportunity that offers itself to heal old wounds and to further the cause of co-operation should be welcomed.'

For thinking people here the meaning of Commonwealth and the hopes implied in the concept continue to be alive. Yet recent developments have created an atmosphere more hostile to the idea of Commonwealth than when Mr Nehru spoke in 1949. In the last year, in fact, he has had twice to resist an attempt to mobilise public opinion in favour of withdrawal from the Commonwealth. The protagonists of withdrawal are usually to be found among the Communists, or in the Socialist Party led by Dr R. M. Lohia, which is pledged to 'Socialism, democracy, equality, world government and the non-violent revolution,' or among a few communal organisations that are overmuch enthused with India's ancient glory and seem unable to understand that the Commonwealth is a *free* association. These groups have, of course, exploited as fully as possible the propaganda opportunities offered by recent events.

The first such opportunity came with the Suez episode. Mr Nehru's strong and immediate condemnation was picked up by the Communists and their fellow-travellers, who found themselves in a position to repeat their traditional cry of 'western imperialism.' Mr Nehru did not mince his words, and they quoted him extensively. The Suez adventure was, in truth, a bit of a shock for most people in this country. Britain had, after the independence of India, Pakistan, Burma and Ceylon, come to be looked upon as a progressive country, genuinely interested in guiding peoples to freedom. In recent years, Indian criticism of Cyprus and even Kenya had been tempered with a serious attempt to understand Britain's problems in those territories. The images that 'colonialism' evoked were usually those of Portugal and France, and it was establishment of the fact of collusion between Britain and France which conditioned people to be receptive to Communist and other disparagement of Commonwealth membership.

The Communists were unintentionally helped in their anti-imperialist propaganda by Mr Nehru's hesitant condemnation of Russia's atrocious intervention in Hungary. The mass of the people, who continue to hero-worship Mr Nehru, could not but reason from the tone and tenor of his statements that Russia's action was in some ways more above-board than that of Britain and France. It seemed at the time that it was only insistent criticism by Mr Jayaprakash Narayan and others of Mr Nehru's hesitation that compelled the Prime Minister to come out with his condemnation. It is true that in his recent statements Mr Nehru has not left any doubt about what he thinks of Russia's repressive role in Hungary. But the effect of his early hesitation has not quite worn off.

Another opportunity for the 'withdrawal-ists' came when Kashmir was discussed in the Security Council. People in India could not understand how it was possible that Whitehall, with its experience of Indian affairs, should be ignorant of events in Kashmir and their background. Also, it was asked generally, since the Security Council had found that Pakistan committed aggression in Kashmir and had explicitly laid down certain pre-conditions for a plebiscite, which Pakistan was unwilling to fulfil, why should Britain persistently support Pakistan? Britain is moreover considered as having been responsible for leading America into a 'false' position over Kashmir. This irritation over Britain's support for Pakistan flows evidently from a popular misconception of the Commonwealth idea: greater mutual obligation seems to be presumed than is contained in the concept. Many jumped to the conclusion that the only reason why Britain, with the other western powers, had sided with Pakistan was that their frame of reference was the cold war – and the Russian leaders had 'supported' India during their visit to this country.

The most recent cause for hostility to membership of the Commonwealth has arisen from the indifference shown by the British government to appeals from Asian countries to desist from nuclear tests. This, in the minds of many, demands some kind of demonstration, an active protest. Mr Rajagopalachari is not alone in thinking that it warrants walking out of the Commonwealth, though his advocacy is unique for its fine distinction of motive. The accumulated popular reaction to these events seems to be that, since it has 'gained' nothing from it, this country must leave the Commonwealth. But it is hard to define what exactly 'public opinion' means in India. It is perhaps easier to know what the people 'think' by listening to them in trams and buses and streets and eating-houses than by reading newspapers. The newspapers tend too often to take their cue from the government's pronouncements. Their support for Mr Nehru's stand in respect of Commonwealth membership was to be expected; while the attitude towards membership of the Commonwealth of the Communists and of Dr. Lohia's Socialist Party may be discounted because they are motivated in the main by self-interest. But there is a slight risk in this. These groups do have the appeal to make people begin to ask why they should stay in the Commonwealth, even though the doubt is invariably countered by emotional regard for Mr Nehru's opinion.

The only quarter from which organised democratic opposition may be expected is the Praja-Socialist Party. But unfortunately the party's influence and membership are too narrow to be adequately effective. In its attitude to the Commonwealth, the P-SP sees eye to eye with the government. One of its leaders, Mr Asoka Mehta, wrote in a recent article: 'It is human to resent what one deems to be a gross misunderstanding. . . . We are bound to regret Britain's support to Pakistan over Kashmir, or association in the Baghdad Pact, but does it help to walk out of the Commonwealth? The Commonwealth is a useful forum: it imposes no obligations. It is perhaps less constrictive than the United Nations. Then why be constantly anxious to walk out of it?' This seems to represent the view of what may be termed the intelligentsia in India. It has to be kept in mind, however, that in this large and variegated country, almost any viewpoint will represent some section or the other of the population.

New Delhi RAKSHAT PURI

NEXT WEEK

But Far Too Many People

J. B. PRIESTLEY

The Struggle for the Middle East: Part III

Israel After Suez

PAUL JOHNSON

Going on Holiday?

Do not rely on picking up a NEW STATESMAN wherever you go. If you are holiday-making off the beaten track we will post your copy to you each Thursday night; simply send us your address and 11d. per copy. If you are staying at home, place a definite order with your newsagent.

New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1

London Diary

An enterprising assistant civil defence officer for central Bucks has got himself into trouble. To stimulate recruiting, he exhibited the dummy of a man with his stomach gashed, one arm torn off and one foot hanging by a sinew. This exhibit has terrified some of the local children and is encouraging even grown-ups to walk by, with eyes averted, on the other side of the street. So despite the organiser's protest that people should be shown what they would have to cope with in an H-bomb war, instead of 'burying their heads in sand', the authorities have told him to make his exhibit less horrific.

* * *

I agree with the authorities. So far from inciting me to join civil defence, the exhibit merely reminded me of scenes which I prefer to forget and sent me headlong for the nearest sand-dune. Yet I am sure that horrific exhibits and posters have their uses. Though this one so completely failed in its purpose that it made me shy from civil defence as horses would shy from a backfiring motor car, it did still further stimulate my already strong distaste for war. I shall have it in my mind whenever foreign affairs or defence are discussed in the House of Commons, just as when I drive a car I sometimes remember the despairing grief of the famous 'black widow', with whose face George Strauss covered the hoardings during one of his road safety campaigns some ten years ago. Indeed, of all the road safety posters which have been exhibited in my lifetime, this is the only one that I do remember, and not only because irreverent Tories captioned it with the words 'She Voted Labour'. Maybe there is a lesson here for the government or, if it continues to shirk the responsibility, for the local authorities in any campaign they may undertake against smoking. Horrific posters and exhibits will not stir me to do anything, but they may restrain me from doing some things. If they could show me the sufferings of someone in the last stages of lung cancer, I might cut my cigarette consumption. But no doubt this result could be achieved more cheaply and even more certainly by raising the price to £1 for a packet of ten. Perhaps the Buckinghamshire exhibit was designed to make the price of an H-bomb war seem prohibitive, too.

* * *

Mr Lew Hoad has, of course, behaved badly in breaking his signed agreement with the Australian Lawn Tennis Association. But the behaviour of the various bodies which control amateur tennis throughout the world has been persistently worse. More than any other sporting bodies they have encouraged the sham-amateur who, without officially receiving any money for his play, yet is somehow enabled to do little else but play for several years. More than any other sporting bodies, except the Rugby Union and the Amateur Athletic Association, they have ostracised the genuine professional. Yet they have the cheek to call the competitions they organise the World Lawn Tennis Championships or, with even greater arrogance, The Lawn Tennis Championships. It is about time that amateur tennis bodies realised that there is no longer any room for snobbery in sport; that there is nothing criminal about becoming a professional; that competitions, whether at Wimbledon or at Forest Hills, which exclude such men as Gonzales, Segura, Sedgman and now Hoad, can never be worthy of being called 'World Championships'; and that ordinary tennis fans today care nothing at all about preserving comfortable little empires for a few not particularly able administrators and care a great deal about seeing the best play the best, whether amateur or professional.

* * *

Cricket has long ago got rid of its snobberies and segregations. Amateurs no longer come from the pavilion by one door and professionals by another. County committees no longer scrape the barrel to find some amateur who can act as captain of their team. No one now thinks of looking down on the professional or of treating him as something out of a different drawer. The Edriches have both amateurs and professionals in their one family. So have the Richardsons, two of whom will in fact oppose each other in the coming Gentleman and Players match at Lord's. And there's Paul Gibb, a Cambridge graduate and for a time an amateur cricketer, who spent most of his playing life as a professional and still continues his life in the game as a professional umpire. But what has happened to the general delight in cricket, and indeed in golf, still causes tennis authorities to put delicate handkerchiefs to their noses. I personally hope that players and spectators alike will stay away in increasingly large numbers from the pretentiously refined tournaments organised by these little men.

* * *

This is stomach-ulcer time for regular travellers on the London tubes. None of us travels by tube, as we sometimes travel on top of a bus, for fun. We are aggressively intent in getting from A to B quickly. Despite inspectors at the entrance who can't make up their minds whether to punch tickets or not, despite travellers who insist on standing on the left on escalators and despite women who forget that they have to give up a ticket at the other end, we usually manage this in ordinary times – especially when we have found which No Entry tunnel leads most quickly to the trains. But the holiday season makes this an abnormal time. Children are playing the ancient game of travelling all day on the lowest-priced ticket, carefully ending their jaunt at the station next to the one at which it began. Families, uncertain of where they really want to go to and wholly baffled about how to get there, gape, calculate and worry in increasingly immobile clusters; and the regulars stamp and fret behind them, trying to make up for lost time by tearing the carriage doors apart before the automatic mechanism has had time to work, or leaping at a train whose doors are just closing, without checking to see that it is marked Stanmore rather than Queens Park and Watford. But it's no good. They lose time just the same and the pain gnaws at their insides. For these two months, in the interest of their own health, the regulars should just give up the struggle and pretend that they are not going urgently to anywhere in particular, but are on holiday like about half their fellow passengers. London Transport could help here by issuing illustrated guide books to the maze at Charing Cross, by building fountains in some of the open spaces in Piccadilly Circus and allowing travellers to picnic round them, or building a youth hostel at Baker Street complete with conducted tours between the Metropolitan and the Bakerloo. Alternatively, of course, they might replan the whole system so that those who use it could find their way about even if they are not experienced explorers.

* * *

That wonderful description of London in midsummer when parliament had risen, everyone was out of town and the asphalt melted in the road outside 221b Baker Street is only one of the things which make the Sherlock Holmes stories peculiarly and lovably English; and it is sad to think that from now on, though they can still read the stories freely if they want to, English children will no longer be able to see them acted on television or on the screen, except by permission of the Americans to whom the rights have been sold. I can put up, I suppose, with English crooners who think that success is dependent on an imitation American accent, with English girls who think that seductiveness is bound up with that brisk Hollywood star walk – right arm flipped mechanically up and down across the body – or even with chewing gum. But I would like some things to remain wholly English. Sherlock Holmes is one, Robin Hood another. With these two gone, one begins to fear that America will someday buy the rights in cricket. However, provided we continue to build wickets like Trent Bridge, that prospect should continue remote.

* * *

Those who watch or listen to the BBC's travelling *Twenty Questions* programme will remember the man with the deep saturnine voice, who reveals to the audience what word the panel are trying to guess by intoning '. . . and the next object is – a flannelled fool, a . . . flannelled fool'. So that the panel may have no chance of hearing him he has to be housed in a separate room, but in the same building. In last week's broadcast the only room available was the 'smallest in the building'. It cost the BBC an extra penny.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

Kick 'em Upstairs, Krushchev!

'Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live'.—(Milton's *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.*)

In Moscow, where great Molotov
With Stalin played at Boanerges,
The crest is followed by the trough
And timely truth once more emerges;
For Comrades do not pension off
But *defecate* their pals by purges.

Since governmental nabobs can
Provide such painful exhibitions
In Britain we've a better plan
And *subsidise* our oppositions:
Social insurance first began
(And rightly ends) with politicians.

To this extent our slow advance
Has put us far ahead of many:
But what if Britain follows France –
Ex-Ministers at ten a penny?
Why, here the Peerage has a chance
To justify itself – if any.

In this ungrateful Welfare State
Of supine, spoon-fed, spineless ninnies
No corporation is as great,
As truly Regency as Prinny's;
But bottoms still can legislate
And sit and sit and sit for guineas.

And sit and sit and sit and sit,
Their vigil of attendance keeping
Not unemployable, but fit
(*Pro bono publico*) for sleeping:
No dearth of honour, guts or wit
Can blight the harvest they are reaping.

Reginald Reynolds

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Lord Grey de Ruthyn—he is president of the League against Cruel Sports—went on: 'I have always wanted to sit in the House for the sake of the animals.

'The Suez Canal and things like that leave me cold. But I have always wanted to get up in the House and speak for the animals. They have so few friends in high places.'—*Sunday Express*. (F. Y. Abel.)

I have a good tobacconist business up here which I built up after years of work and sacrifice on both mine and my wife's part. I only have one son. I hoped he would take over the business. But he seems very unmanly to me and although he isn't a Teddy boy he is effeminate in many ways and wants to study art. My wife is on his side, but I feel very bitter and think I ought to turn him out and let him tackle life the hard way, as I did. What is your opinion?—Letter in *She*. (Marjorie Bowsher.)

A man who 'rather fancied' a young woman cashier in a Birmingham bank wrote a number of notes to her at the bank, turned up disguised as a blind beggar and serenaded her on a piano-accordion, and finally arrived at the bank dressed in tennis clothes and turned somersaults in front of the staff.—*Manchester Guardian*. (Tim Evans.)

The Secret People of Oxford

Like beagling or taking clandestine baths in women's colleges, Oxford politics are a minority taste. The average undergraduate views them with the polite incredulity of a Soviet student listening to the propaganda services of the BBC. The membership of the political clubs is small – last term the Labour Club had only 450 members, and even in the term of Suez and Hungary less than a thousand. In any case, membership figures conceal rather than illuminate the real position. For the political clubs are perfect specimens of Burnhamite states, with a large proletariat of card-holding listeners and a small elite of office-seeking organisers. It is this elite that conducts what formal political discussion there is. Of minute extent – well under a hundred in the Labour Club – it resembles a Christian mission to Chinese territory, surrounded less by open hostility than by indifference, cynicism, and good natured contempt. Inevitably, its discussions are conducted in the hot-house atmosphere of emigré politics; and its members' activities seem to the outsider like an esoteric family joke, largely incomprehensible and not even very funny.

About these outsiders it is hard to generalise. They are the secret people of Oxford, who never get into the gossip columns and do not speak at the Union. Yet it is their attitudes which will one day be disseminated in hundreds of public-school classrooms; their prejudices which will be articulated in hundreds of boardroom discussions; their views which will form the material of 'enlightened public opinion.' In the end, what they think necessary, governments will do; what they reject, will be quietly dropped into the waste-paper basket.

It is a frightening prospect. There are those who are apathetic because they are too well-off to care; and others whose apathy springs obscurely from a sense of grievance. Some feel politics are too frighteningly serious to take a part in them; some that they are trivial and irrelevant. It is maintained that politicians are lazy, or cowardly, or corrupt; that political parties crush the individual heretic; that they are insufficiently based on principle. Some natural Conservatives are alienated by the atavistic idiocy of contemporary Toryism. Some natural Socialists are bored by the off-pink liberalism of present-day Labour; and there is a vast bedraggled army of men of goodwill, would-be liberals, unable to accept the Tory Party because it is reactionary and the Labour Party because it is not.

For almost all, however, the rejection of politics is a definite decision. They do not slide into apathy: they flaunt it. Almost all accept a peculiar bastardised Marxism, seeing in politics simply the clash of different interest groups and nothing more. Almost all distrust appeals to idealism, and disbelieve on principle that principle plays a part in politics. There are occasional flash-backs to the good old adrenalin enthusiasms. But they have a curious make-believe quality, like faded newsreels of 20 years ago. The enthusiasm engendered by Suez and Hungary is rapidly vanishing. For most of the time, the approach to politics, among those who read the newspapers at all, is what the approach to football would be if the pools were abolished: interest without involvement.

It is hard to see why. Class bitterness in the universities – as the success of *Lucky Jim* and *Look Back in Anger* almost certainly showed – is probably greater now than before the war: it is the post-war period that has seen the really large-scale invasion of the 'board-school boy.' Political issues are not dead, though they are more complex: the Macmillan government seems determined to carry out a vicious and reactionary programme, and has managed to earn the distinction of looking about as untrustworthy and dishonest as its predecessor. Sometimes, fear of the H-bomb is presented as a cause of apathy: but in the Thirties, fear of bombing and poison gas accounted for much of the excitement.

The normal explanations of political apathy – possibly adequate for the nation at large – do not explain it among undergraduates. One feature of intellectuals – often forgotten – is that they are affected by intellectual movements. One reason for undergraduate apathy is the prevailing intellectual climate. The tough-minded, disillusioned attitude which permeates Oxford is a vulgarisation of the attitude of its current intellectual heroes: the Nuffield psephologists, the Namierite historians, the linguistic philosophers. True, linguistic philosophy does not *preach* political apathy; Namierite history does not *necessarily* lead to quietism. For the tutors, there is probably no connection between their own teaching, and the apathy of their pupils. For the pupils, there is. Linguistic philosophy encourages a cautious, unemotional approach to problems: from caution it is easy to slide into cowardice. Namierite history leads to suspicion of moral judgments, and a tendency to believe ideas don't matter. If you were taught that the Stuarts were wrong and Hampden right, it was possible to believe that Chamberlain was wrong and Cripps right. Now, nobody is wrong. Your enemies are merely eccentric in their use of moral words.

This change has affected the interested minority as well as the apathetic mass, and is the main preoccupation (not always obviously) of left-wing discussion at Oxford. The new attitude is implicitly right-wing. Namierite history tends to favour the administrator at the expense of the lone voice; to suggest that nothing much changes anyway. But if nothing changes, why propose change? Linguistic philosophy extols an empirical approach. But empiricism has always been a conservative, not a radical catch word. The Left needs to be doctrinaire, even if its doctrines are not absolutely accurate. So the dilemma of the intellectual Left is this: the new attitude seems impossible to fault, yet equally impossible to reconcile with anything Socialism used to be about.

Left-wing discussion has ranged widely. Most of all, it has been concerned with the problem of workers' control in industry; with democracy inside the Labour movement; with the Strachey-Crosland rethinking debate. It has been most frightened by the apparent drift towards a tellycratic Brave New World, with a deep gulf between those who take decisions and those in whose name they are taken, and a thin layer of professional public-relations experts uneasily sandwiched between. But the connecting link, running through all this confused discussion, has been the basic dilemma: how to reconcile one's emotional attitudes with the intellectual approach which is almost inevitably absorbed in present-day Oxford – how to marry Keir Hardie with A. J. Ayer. Oxford Socialists are imprisoned in an intellectual strait-jacket, from which they are too honest to escape, but which they are too Socialist to like. They pace wearily round and round, like convicts on a treadmill, hoping for rescue by some intellectual *deus ex machina*. In the Thirties, rescue was provided by Marx. Even today, Marx exerts more fascination than any other Socialist thinker. But, regretfully, he is discarded. And so the talk goes on, 'thoroughly imbued,' as one of the talkers recently boasted, 'with an empirical approach.' So it is. But it is a medicine which few find appetising. Until they change it, Oxford Socialists will build few barricades; and their only solace will remain the bleak satisfaction of intellectual integrity.

David Marquand

Slow Freight

The bemused foreign visitor whose tastes run to mechanical rather than ceremonial anachronisms can hardly do better than study some of the more bizarre features of the British railway system. The normal goods train in this country, slamming and banging along at a steady 15 miles per hour, conjures up a vivid picture of what things must have been like in the old Stockton-to-Darlington days. No doubt it is salutary for us to be thus constantly reminded of the proud achievements of our forefathers; the fact remains that, by modern standards, this is one hell of a way to run a railroad.

The British Transport Commission is by no means blind to the shortcomings of our traditional loose-coupled goods trains, to which braking force can be applied only at the engine and guard's van. In its comprehensive modernisation plan, revealed to the public at the beginning of 1955, British Railways announced its intention of spending some £75m. over a period of years in equipping more than one million goods wagons with continuous vacuum-operated brakes. (The technically preferable Westinghouse air-brake did not find favour in the Commission's eyes, to the astonished disgust of railway engineers in other lands.)

A continuous braking system of any sort represents an enormous step forward in reducing our present margin of obsolescence, but it also entails a subsidiary problem: if each wagon is to have its own set of brakes, operated by remote control

from the locomotive cab, then some new way must be found of joining the wagons closely together. The old chain-and-hook coupling, unchanged since early Victorian times, allows roughly 18 inches of slack between each pair of wagons—which accounts for our variable-length freight trains, their incessant hammering when in motion, and the high rate of damage sustained by goods in transit.

Such was the difficulty confronting the BTC some two and a half years ago. One possible solution would have been to adopt the centrally placed knuckle-type coupler, which automatically connects the wagons on impact and which has been in universal use throughout the whole north American continent since 1918. The Commission, however, would have nothing to do with this new-fangled device ('conditions in the United States are quite different' is regarded as the perfect retort to all protests), but decided instead to shun all types of automatic coupler until such time as a new pattern had been developed capable of joining not only the wagons themselves but the train brake-pipe as well.

This was all very fine—a resolute search for perfection always deserves encouragement; but unless the prospect of less dilatory goods trains were to be indefinitely postponed, some alternative type of coupling had to be fitted to the large number of new wagons constantly rolling off the production lines. The final solution—breath-taking in its simplicity, conservatism and utter indifference to the inevitable consequences—was to adopt as standard the threaded-spindle type of screw-coupling already standardised for passenger coaches.

In theory a cheap and effective arrangement, it suffers in practice from two drawbacks: first, an incalculable number of man-hours are going to be wasted each year—by a nation ostensibly trying to increase productivity—in manipulating this primitive device; and secondly, and much more serious, shunters will now be compelled to go between the wagon buffers, a practice which cannot but lead to a vast increase in the number of serious and fatal accidents.

The use of screw-couplings for passenger coaches is just tolerable on safety grounds: for one thing, each coach is coupled and uncoupled far less frequently than the average goods wagon; for another, there are far fewer of them; and for a third, the process of making up and dismantling passenger trains is normally carried out on level sidings, where the risk of the coaches being accidentally set in motion is at a minimum.

But any device necessitating the presence of a human being between the buffers of goods wagons is bound to be a death trap. As long ago as 1893, the American Congress passed a law forbidding the use of any non-automatic coupling owing to 'the peril of life and limb' to which shunters were otherwise subjected. Even in this country the danger was recognised more than 60 years ago: Locomotive Regulation No. 11, made under the Factory and Workshop Act, 1901, expressly states that wagons 'shall be coupled and uncoupled only by means of a coupling pole or other suitable mechanical device.'

In his most recent annual report, Her Majesty's Chief Inspector of Factories devoted a special paragraph to the subject. 'The most serious type of injury to a shunter,' he said in part, 'arises when he has to go between the vehicles to couple or uncouple. He may then be crushed between the wagons or knocked down and run over. . . . It has always been important that a shunter should not be required to go between vehicles for the purposes of coupling up, the actual coupling operation being done by means of an appliance when the shunter is clear of the track.'

British Railways, specifically exempt from the locomotive regulations, have not thought fit to comment on the matter. But private firms which handle rail traffic on their own sidings are seriously worried: they will in any case have to employ additional shunters at a time when labour is scarce, and by instructing their employees to deal with screw-couplings they will probably be inviting prosecution for infringement of Regulation 11. A solution currently under discussion is that amending legislation should be passed to render legal a practice which for more than half a century has been proscribed as obviously dangerous. 'Retrograde' is hardly a strong enough description.

Interest in this problem has recently been stimulated by the announcement, to the Institution of Locomotive Engineers, that a new type of coupler has just been developed, conforming in every respect to the stringent specifications of British Railways. It couples on impact, it does away with the need for additional buffers, it joins both wagons and brake-pipes, and it is designed as a 'transition' model, so as to be usable with the old type of hook coupling until the last of these has been laid to rest.

I went to see the managing director of the company responsible for this design. 'We think we've got the answer this time,' he said, 'particularly from the point of view of cost; on a mass-production basis these couplers could be built to sell for less than £200 a pair, and since British Railways are already spending in the region of £130 for a set of hydraulic buffers, never mind the screw-couplings themselves, we reckon the extra cost would not be very great. Just the same, it's difficult getting them to take any interest; we may have to wait six months or so before they arrange for operational trials.'

His company is not the only one at work on this project; others may well be producing better or cheaper designs. But it is urgently necessary that a decision of some sort should be taken soon, rather than that the search for ultimate perfection should be extended until it is too late for anything at all to be done. By its apathetic attitude the Transport Commission is encouraging the suspicion that it has no serious intention of doing anything except put down a smokescreen. Meanwhile the installation of screw-couplings goes steadily on; before very long the Commission will be able to plead that the process has gone too far for any alternative to be economically feasible. But if this inertia is allowed to prevail, Britain's industrial progress will have suffered a severe setback in comparison with what might have been achieved; more important, we shall have a great many needlessly maimed shunters to answer for.

ELIOT THORNE

Fleet Street Notebook

I PROPOSE to devote my column this week to what, to judge by correspondence I have received and by questions put to me by journalists of several nationalities during a brief continental trip a couple of weeks ago, can only be described as the baffling economic mystery of Fleet Street. It is succinctly stated by a German correspondent who asks me to explain 'why British papers with a circulation of well beyond the 1,000,000 mark should operate at a loss, when there is not one German newspaper which can claim a circulation of more than 300,000?' I have had similar questions put to me in very nearly identical words during the past week or two by Dutch, Swiss, French and Scandinavian journalists and by several Americans. Also by quite a number of ordinary English newspaper readers. It is a question which I sometimes suspect is to be found buzzing uneasily even in the minds of many of the inhabitants of Fleet Street itself as they look bleakly on a future fit only for giants. What has happened to British journalism?

Part of the answer – and it is one to which those newspaper readers who dislike the prospect of fewer and fewer papers to choose among would do well to pay attention – is price. By and large the British newspaper reading public is unwilling to pay an economic price for its newspaper. This may in part be because of the immense political and emotional significance that attached itself to cheap newspapers during the struggle against taxes on knowledge in the past century. But the responsibility lies even more squarely on the shoulders of those responsible for the commercial exploitation of the new mass readership which followed the removal of these taxes and who made circulation the chief goal of their endeavour, because circulation – the key to a mass market – proved to be the quickest way to large advertising revenue.

Wherever the responsibility lies there is no getting away from the fact. Both absolutely in terms of costs, and relatively in comparison with selling prices of all other countries, British newspapers are underpriced. The German newspapers my correspondent refers to cost twice as much as their British opposite numbers and the price difference between British and American newspapers and those of several other countries is even greater. The same is true of magazines. It is one of the reasons why *Paris Match* flourishes while *Picture Post* dies. At an earlier stage in newspaper history the fight for a cheap press was one of the essential elements in the struggle for press freedom. It has in the long term been distorted to such an extent that it has become a rope for a free press to hang itself with.

A common agreement on a price rise has so far proved impossible. Meanwhile, those which need it most, the *News Chronicle* and the *Herald*, have probably left it too long to be able now to get any advantage out of acting alone – particularly as such a decision would have had to be accompanied by major changes in quality and character to justify it in readers' eyes, and such changes require time – a desperately expensive commodity when weekly losses at the current rate are being made. Although the *Herald* hopes to get relief from the change in its taxation position following the separation from the TUC, the *News Chronicle*, by contrast, is being forced, pending the outcome of the still tentative merger proposals, to examine the possibility of major economies. This prospect has already produced the gravest anxieties in Manchester, where rumours – not, so far as I know, justified as yet – have been circulating this week that the *News Chronicle* Manchester office may soon be closed down.

But to return to the general problem. Although price is part of it, it is only a part. What differentiates the popular newspapers of Britain from those of almost every other country is their national character – the fact that it is geographically possible for each to cover the whole country. This used to be their peculiar strength. It was this

which gave British newspapers circulations without parallel anywhere else in the world. But linked with the extreme dependence of British newspapers upon advertising revenue, because of their low selling price, it has now become their weakness – the flaw in the system that in some cases seems likely to prove fatal. To a degree that does not exist elsewhere it means that advertisers can saturate the mass market without having to spread their advertisements over more than a few newspapers. The doctrine of the net sales certificate which, far more than any editorial innovation, was the real hallmark of the Northcliffe revolution and the commercialisation of the press that flowed from it, has reached its apogee – or perhaps its *reductio ad absurdum* – with a situation in which popular circulations five or six times greater than those in other countries are commercially unsound, because the advertiser and the advertising agent can reach all of the mass market they want by placing advertisements in three or four newspapers and magazines with circulations even larger than this, spending what is left over on commercial television.

This is the simple fact at the heart of the economic mystery of Fleet Street which the journalists and newspaper readers of other countries find so baffling. British popular newspapers have been deliberately developed upon lines which make them excessively dependent upon advertising revenue while leaving fewer and fewer of them in a position to attract it. The British press, in fact, is suffering from an acute form of giantism – a disease one of the attributes of which is that intelligence not merely fails to keep pace with growth but tends to decline the larger the victim grows. That the disease has, in Fleet Street's case, been largely self-induced makes the result no less tragic.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Slegs vir Blankes

To conform with the Apartheid laws an immaculate white partition now divided the village post office into two almost equal parts, European on the left, Native and Coloured on the right. It was hot and dusty as the Karroo often is in November, and it was market day. On the European (*slegs vir blankes*) side of the partition, sheep farmers, horse traders, wool buyers, lawyers, accountants were gathered into a compact mass of chattering humanity. On the non-European side there was one customer, Zachariah, the head-waiter at the Grand Hotel where I had spent the night.

To avoid delay I choose the non-European side. I had a perfect right to do so according to the rules of Apartheid. Zachariah greeted me, stamped his letters, and left. 'Could I have six air-letter forms, please?' I asked the brunette behind the counter. She glared at me, chewing with grim deliberation what I guessed was a sliver of biltong. 'Europeans on the other side,' she said with asperity; and for good measure she added, 'Can't you read . . . . either English or Afrikaans?'

'English, yes,' I replied with the utmost civility. 'but Afrikaans only a little. In any case I am not a European.'

This statement was clearly so unexpected that she scurried off round the end of the partition. For a few moments there was only the hum of conversation from the European side. 'Johannes, Karl, Meinheer Erasmus.' The girl's calling was quickly followed by a muffled conversation of the entire post office staff. It reminded me of a huddle of bank clerks quaking at the consequences of cashing a crossed cheque endorsed 'pay cash' – but only initialled, not signed in full, by the drawer. The atmosphere was furtive, charged with suspicion. But I was impatient to get to my car and away to the north. The end of the muffled conference was announced by the appearance of a lean bearded *plattelander* of some 75 years, followed by the girl and two clerks. They approached the counter in close order, then deployed for the senior clerk to make his address: 'Our chief the post master, Meinheer Erasmus, does not speak English. Is it your wish that I translate?' I said I would be much obliged.

'You say you are not a European? Meinheer Erasmus asks that question.'

'That is quite correct.' I replied: 'but if you wish me to come to the other counter, now that most of the customers have gone, I am very ready to do so.'

My suggestion was vetoed. 'No, no; that might be against the law. We must get to the bottom of the matter,' said the interpreter.

The junior clerk chipped in bravely, 'You say you are a coloured person then?' 'I did not say that in so many words, but, as you see, I am very dark having spent so much time fishing and bathing at Hermanus on my holiday.'

'Hermanus?' questioned the patriarch with incredulity. 'At a hotel? What hotel, please?' I knew enough Afrikaans to deal with that one.

'The Victoria, Jacob van Rensburg's place. You know it, Meinheer? I am glad. May I now have my air-letter forms?'

'Impossible,' exclaimed the younger clerk, 'Jakob van Rensburg! He is my mother's half-brother. He is a good Nationalist. He would not defy the law. He is a Christian.'

'I have the hotel receipt,' I said, and put my hand in my pocket, 'but if it would save you embarrassment I can get my air-letter forms at Nelspoort no doubt.'

'You have an identity card?' inquired the patriarch.

'In my country we do not have identity cards, but I have my passport, of course.'

The telephone rang on the European side of the partition. Two or three more customers entered. But business was at a standstill. It would be as well for me to clear up the position, I thought.

'Would you please tell Meinheer Erasmus that my home is at Umtali in Rhodesia. I am a Rhodesian, as were my parents. I have been no nearer to Europe than Alamein.' After the senior clerk had translated and the patriarch had nodded benignly I continued: 'My grandparents were born in the United States, Canada, the Bahamas, and in your country, South Africa, respectively. They were not Europeans as you will appreciate. My South African grandfather was of Irish-Maori parentage. Maoris, as you know, are natives of New Zealand . . . fine people, and many play good Rugby football.'

The patriarch thrust his hand into his beard and meditated. Then banging his fist on the counter he exclaimed: 'Is it my business to scrutinise the pedigree of every damned foreigner who comes into this place? Send for that clot of a constable Jan van der Merwe so that I can tell him just what I think of his *verdomde* skin-laws. Serve the gentleman, Elsa! His grandfather may have been Chaka himself for all I care.'

I told the senior clerk he need not bother to translate. Meinheer Erasmus had made himself quite clear. Elsa handed me the air-letter forms. The post master smiled, extended a friendly hand over the counter and said in very broken English: 'If you come back this way, Meinheer, you will perhaps join me at the Grand Hotel Bar. They serve only Europeans there.'

RAYMOND BYRNE

Ten Dollars a Day

SOME people can spend a pleasant evening with *Bradshaw* or the *ABC* timetable working out strange cross-country train journeys. I get a similar pleasure from a set of five maps which cover the whole of the United States: on these I plot elaborate motor-trips. One problem, which I haven't yet solved to my own satisfaction, is to find the shortest route which touches all 48 states without entering any one of them twice. Another is to plot a route to all the national parks without passing through a town of more than 50,000 population. And the possible combinations of this kind are enough to provide me with vicarious trips indefinitely.

Planning holidays in this way is a game that most of us play. But for all save journalists, academics, businessmen and itinerant lecturers, North America has so long been out of bounds for the British traveller that there aren't even any guide-books available here for those who are now able to spend their travel allowance in the US. (It is almost impossible, in fact, to obtain a decent American map, at least a map giving the kind of information that the tourist needs.) The intending traveller may well be put off by ignorance – to which I add the misleading and discouraging advice of newspaper correspondents sent off to spend $280 in the way that will produce the best copy. While it is a fairly expensive project, the amount that a tourist would have to spend is not beyond the means of many people who have waited years for this chance. I should work on a round sum of £270 for a six-week vacation: two weeks on the boat and four weeks in the US. Of this, £100 is the currency allowance, £130 the tourist-return boat fare, and £40 the cost of travel facilities pre-paid in sterling. Less travelling, or a shorter stay, would reduce the total cost. A visitor could spend a fortnight over there, mainly in the area of Washington – New York – Boston, for a total of £200. And in setting this figure I am making an unlikely assumption – that the visitor does not receive any hospitality, meals, lifts or other help. It is possible to travel in America without being offered hospitality, but it is extremely difficult. And I am also assuming that the British visitor does not expect four-star standards, though he may get meals and accommodation as good as he would get in France, Italy or Germany for about the same price. No one need stay at the best hotels, eat lavish meals, go on shopping sprees or take expensive beauty treatments. Foreign funds run out fast anywhere at that level.

No luxury. But my limit of $10 a day does not mean roughing it. Even in New York it will buy a decent hotel room; certainly a better room than 30 shillings will buy in London. Consider this sample budget:

Hotel	$4.50
Breakfast	0.65
Drug-store lunch . .	0.90
Dinner	1.50
Beers, coffee, etc. . .	1.00
Buses, papers, etc. . .	0.75
	$9.20

This leaves a float of 80 cents a day to pay for postcards home, admission to national monuments, movies and so on. It is a tight estimate, but not uncomfortably tight. And, outside New York, a room can often be found for less than $4.00; if you eat a smaller breakfast and take a cafeteria meal in the evening you can squeeze another dollar out of that daily budget.

But where to go? A traveller who is willing to lay out the fare in sterling can go as far west or south as he pleases, set up a base, say, in Denver and see the Rockies, Santa Fé and see the desert states, San Francisco and see California and the still undeveloped but magnificent Oregon coast. But, working within my limit of £40 pre-paid travelling beyond New York, it is still possible to see a lot more than the topless towers of Manhattan.

Manhattan itself, naturally, is the first stop – but only for two days, doing nothing but absorb the sight, sound and smell of the city. Though I lived there long enough to feel at home, I can still float happily up and down the concrete canyons finding something new. Last year, for instance, I discovered that it was not the height of the buildings that impresses: for the first time, one bright autumn morning, I realised that it was the open-endedness of the streets and avenues, that the spectacular dimension is horizontal and not vertical. Contrarily, the charm of Washington is that you never can get its geography clearly in your mind: you discover the town because all roads seem to lead you away from your destination. And, for anyone without serious business there, one or two days are enough. For here the real travelling begins.

And it begins with bus-tickets bought in London. Everyone who has seen American movies knows the Greyhound bus service: cheap, fast, most important of all, immensely sociable. It has one drawback for the traveller trying to keep to a strict timetable. If you get off at a small place you may not easily get on again because seats cannot be reserved, and the bus may be full. I remember spending a whole day at a bus-stop in South Carolina last October: there was no other way to get out of the place, and each bus that passed through was packed with students going to a college football game a hundred miles away. It was hot. The sandwiches were like rubber and blotting-paper. There wasn't a readable paperback on the book-stand. But there was a talkative ticket-clerk, and between buses he had time to talk. And so did my neighbour on the night-bus that I finally caught. The bus-ticket is the best letter of introduction to America.

It will take you where you please. My fancy would be to go down the Blue Ridge Mountains through eastern Virginia and Tennessee towards Knoxville. Within easy reach of Knoxville are the TVA dams – wonderful recreation areas of water and mountain – where you can stay at informal 'tourist villages,' and save money by doing your own cooking. From there, southwards through the Georgia pine-hills to Atlanta or across the Smokies into North Carolina. Then comes another choice. From Atlanta on to New Orleans or from North Carolina to northern Florida – either way a fair cross-cut of the South, but either way a decision that will take enough time and money to leave you only the return to New York and a few days there. (In estimating travelling time, a run of 300 miles is an easy one on most bus-routes: 500 is a maximum for one day without discomfort.)

Personally, however, I would turn back at Atlanta or Asheville. The South can be very hot, irritating, tiring and, unless you want to probe beyond superficial impressions, boring. And if it is autumn – and I would choose the last two weeks of September and the first two of October as the ideal time to go to the US – then the itinerary must include five days or so in New England. A cheap night-flight can get you back to New York from Atlanta in three hours. (A specimen fare for comparison. Night tourist from Washington to Miami: $35.) Then bus to the Green Mountains in Vermont, across New Hampshire to Boston, and back through the small towns of northern Connecticut. How you spend the last few days in New York depends on taste and on the money you have left.

Though such a journey misses many of the obvious things, you can get Niagara Falls, the Empire State Building and the White House in a package from any tourist agency. You can get night-clubs, fancy shops and beaches in Paris or Nice. But only by setting out on $10 a day can you really see that curious blend of gas-stations, concrete highways, motels, drug-stores and scenery of indelible loveliness which makes up so much of the US. America is a civilisation with wheels on – and the tourist, too, needs wheels if he is to catch up with it.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

The Arts and Entertainment

The Young Dancers

An old dancer – one who is over thirty – should be judged by different standards from a young dancer, for his powers of expression are very different. The physical perfection and the emotional budding of youth are quite distinct from the bodily maturity and conscious artistry of age. From the newly trained boy or girl there emanates an irrepressible bodily warmth, a glowing vitality that give the complex and inhuman gestures of classical ballet a sense of natural ease. This ease can be carried on into the thirties only by professionals who, through the strength of their technique and the art of their presentation, manage to surmount the handicaps of growing old. But the peculiar fervour of youthful movement which, like a playful puppy's, is so endearing to watch, disappears early, never to be recaptured.

I can remember so well the animal warmth of the seventeen-year-olds: the gay Baronova, moon pale Beriosova, dark and serious Fonteyn, or eager, handsome Somes. These are all examples of stars, but the same quality flows out from most dancers at one period and, experienced collectively in a *corps de ballet*, it conveys a marvellous kind of enthusiasm to the audience.

Because of this spring-time enthusiasm there is always pleasure in visiting the junior national ballet company, now the Royal Ballet, which is playing for a short season at Sadler's Wells after a long exile. The principal dancers are generally of a higher standard than ever before, their style being elegant and assured, only seriously marred by the special stiffness that seems to restrict the spines of English dancers. Anne Heaton's spine is the one exception. She appears to advantage here, as she seldom did when she was with the senior company, where strong personalities are not encouraged. But besides a defined individuality, Miss Heaton moves most expressively, with rhythmic gestures that are like the sweeping of a great bird's wings. As the Poet's Ideal Woman in *Apparitions* she is certainly less subtle and less tragic than Fonteyn: hers is a dramatic passion, a little rough, but powerful and unaffectedly romantic. She is also moving in the revival of *La Fête Etrange*, another nineteenth-century reverie, which is a bit over-refined, where *Apparitions* is a bit over vulgar.

The third revival of this season is *Giselle*, with decor by Peter Rice. The first act is a disappointment and shows the company at its weakest. Anne Heaton's acting as the distraught young girl lacks finesse: it seems like a poor copy of some original, which is surprising after her other intelligent interpretations. Giselle's mother looks like a bouncing bunny rabbit trying to ape an old woman; several of the attendants need fierce lessons in deportment; the peasant *pas de deux* appears as an awkward little number, while the costumes and *corps de ballet* look dowdy and dull. After this opening the second act comes as a glorious shock. Miss Heaton dances beautifully, Miro Zolan partners as before with ardent skill, and the *corps* are perfectly in time and line. But the basic fault with this production is that it has no atmosphere. Those sunny German vineyards and that dank German churchyard, the swooning passions of the 1840s, the fierce conventions of virtue and sin are all missing. It seems that neither producer nor dancers have understood *Giselle*.

More simple and enjoyable ballets, such as *Les Patineurs*, *The House of Birds* and *Pineapple Poll* are well within the company's scope. Among the principals, Brenda Bolton and Johaar Mosaval are especially charming, because they do not turn on that automatic leer for the audience, which disfigures the faces of so many dancers so much of the time.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Stratford Triumphant

The success of Stratford – a success that is important, it is not too much to say, to the cultural life of the whole country – was well emphasised last week. The vast caverns of the Stoll Theatre (also condemned by the vandals – with a good deal more reason than the dear St. James's – but it has its absurd period charm all the same) were all but filled for the Stratford production of *Titus Andronicus*, while at Stratford itself on the hottest of summer afternoons there were only a few side seats vacant for Mr. Peter Hall's admirable production of *Cymbeline* with Dame Peggy Ashcroft an enchanting and touching Imogen; and hundreds of schoolgirls and schoolboys were discovering how the texts they might find dull and dusty in the classroom glow with a magic life on the stage.

Mr. Anthony Quayle is the architect of this success; and not half enough fuss was made of him when last year he relinquished the post of Director at Stratford. His achievement deserved a signal honour. Mr. Quayle is a rare phenomenon, an artist who also has a genius for organisation, a man of vision who is also practical, and whose dreams have been realised. If we are to found a National Theatre, it would be as well to found it while he is here to bring it splendidly to birth. In any case, we may be sure that sooner or later he will do something remarkable for the theatre; such energy and talent as his cannot, luckily, rust unused.

One reason why Mr. Quayle's departure from Stratford went by so casually was that with typical foresight he had prepared the ground by taking Mr Glen Byam Shaw into association, thus leaving Stratford in the best possible hands. Whether Mr Byam Shaw could have achieved Stratford as we now know it, on his own, perhaps he will forgive me for doubting. What I don't doubt – and there is plenty of evidence to confirm this – is that he will not only maintain its standards, but even, where this is possible, raise them.

The two Stratford productions of this week typify the achievement. The *Titus Andronicus* is a remarkable *tour de force* in which some of

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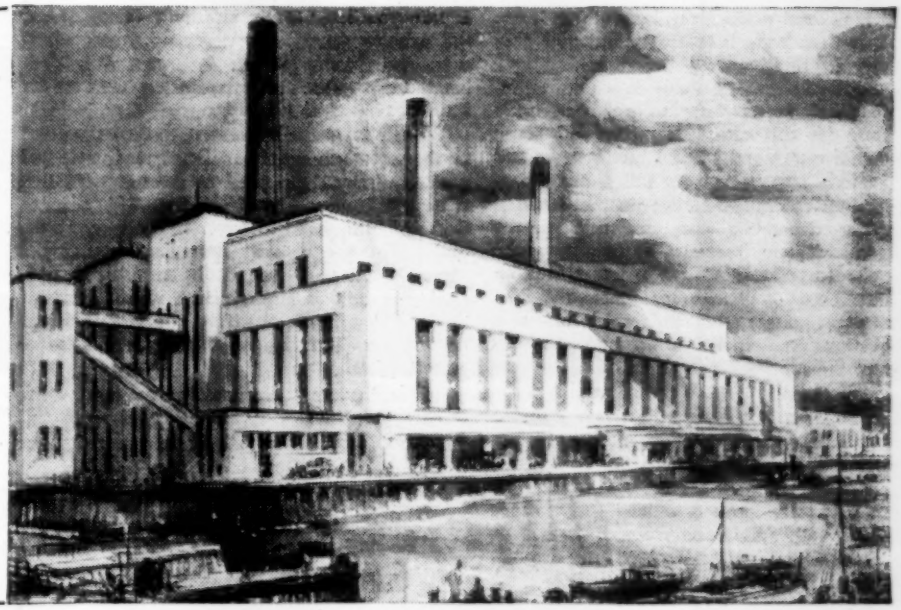

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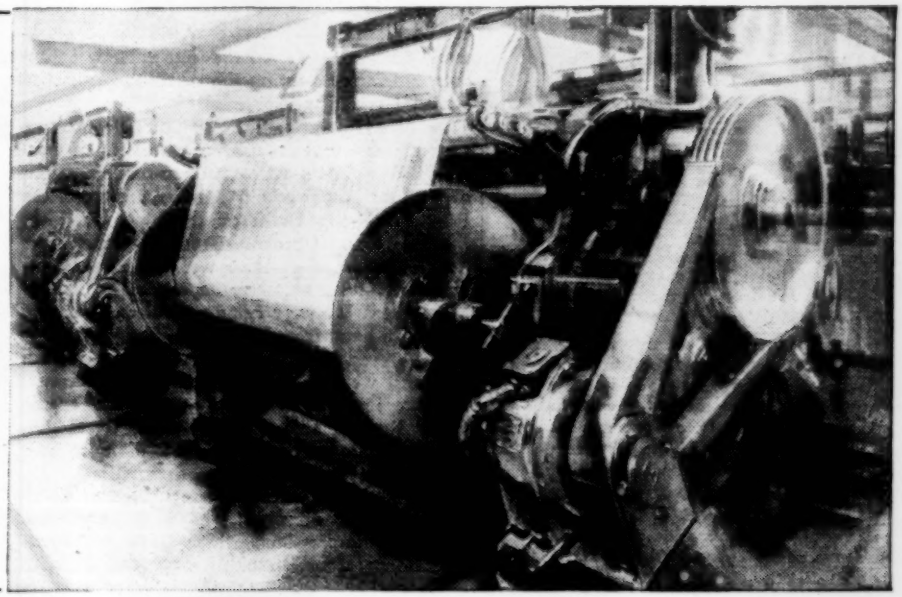
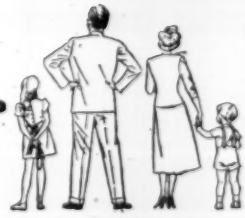


better  living

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the finest theatrical talents of the day have been enabled by the flexible Stratford organisation to come together to make endurable, at times indeed positively enjoyable, the most gimcrack of our master-dramatist's productions. As this is only likely to happen at best once in two lifetimes, it is an event which no one will want to miss. The *Cymbeline* is more characteristic of the general high level attained regularly on the home ground. But the point is that Stratford now provides regularly both sorts of experience.

A second view of Mr. Peter Brook's production of *Titus* serves only to heighten one's admiration for this director's remarkable sense of style and taste – and when I talk of style and taste I mean something very much more profound and far-reaching than the qualities admired in interior decorators and dilettanti of the arts. It would seem from a mere reading of the text quite impossible to stage *Titus* without affronting every contemporary sensibility. Not that we don't hunger after and revel in all kinds of disgusting cruelty in our own day as the steady stream of sadistic thrillers testifies. (It is all very curious this, by the way. We deplore the whipping of children but read with relish accounts of adults kicking each other in the privates. In the high age of whipping this was considered dishonourable.) But on the surface at least we find the particular forms of cruelty and violence practised by other ages abhorrent. *Titus* is little more than a string of such. Mr Peter Brook's achievement is partly to have raised that 'little more' to a pitch where for the sake of it we endure the rest, partly to search within the play for some principle of unity, some style which will keep it together. This is by no means easy to find.

Actually it cannot be done, as we recently saw in a very decent production at the Old Vic, without an actor of the Olivier class in the main role. I do not know what extraordinary trick of the actor's art it is that makes us when it is 'working' suffer (or laugh) in even the least credible of situations. Whatever it is, Sir Laurence exerts it just as soon as the fantastic story opens out from its jerky beginning (stuttering like a badly cut film) into its first swelling *scena*. When Lavinia appears mutilated to her already suffering father, the miracle starts, and under that compelling voice and riveting gesture, only the most hard-hearted can refuse their tears. From then on Sir Laurence has us in his power.

The Stoll Theatre is not kind to the voices; and on the second night only Mr Anthony Quayle had perfectly judged the pitch of the house so that every syllable could be heard. Even Sir Laurence was lost to us half the time, while many of the cast might just as well have been speaking a foreign language. I hope that by now this is remedied. For here is a production which everyone who failed to get to Stratford two years ago will have to see. They might as well be allowed to hear it as well.

I find I have not left myself space to do justice to Mr Peter Hall's *Cymbeline* and since this delightful production will be in the repertoire throughout the season, I will return to it.

T. C. WORSLEY

What did Mr. Gladstone eat in 1884?

WHAT Mr. Gladstone ate in 1884 was what he said in 1883. A Politician is always eating last year's words—and last year's words are as unpalatable as the day-before-yesterday's bread.

The moral is this: don't put up with staleness in words or bread. Eat your bread good and fresh. How good is bread? Very good, say the scientists. Bread is an excellent food in itself. It could give us as much as three-quarters of the energy we—and our children—burn up in an average day.[1] It provides us with proteins, and essential vitamins and minerals too.[2]

Those distinguished nutritional authorities Professor McCance and Dr. Widdowson, in a Special Report,[1] refer to "the high nutritive value of wheat in any of the forms customarily consumed by man". Meaning bread, of course. And a panel of scientists and medical men under the Chairmanship of Professor Lord Cohen say: "Bread is the most important staple food in the British diet".[3]

Bread is still the staff of life—see that your family eats plenty every day.

1. *Medical Research Council Special Report Series No. 287, published by H.M.S.O.*
2. *All flour must contain—per 100 grams of flour:* Iron—*not less than 1.65 milligrams.* Vitamin B_1—*not less than 0.24 milligrams.* Nicotinic acid—*not less than 1.60 milligrams.*
3. *Report of the Panel on Composition and Nutritive Value of Flour, published by H.M.S.O.*

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Gerhard and Strauss

ONCE or twice lately I have written about Roberto Gerhard, the English-domiciled Spanish composer who, at the age of sixty, remains too little known to the public; and today I must briefly revert to the subject of his music, though all too well aware that I cannot discuss it as intelligently as I should wish. I find his recent compositions at once very difficult and comparatively easy: on the one hand, immediately enjoyable and impressive; on the other hand, hard to construe and to grasp.

On 31 May and 1 June the Third Programme gave the first two English performances of Gerhard's Symphony, very well performed (so far as I could judge) by Sir Adrian Boult and the BBC Symphony Orchestra; and last week the Parrenin Quartet broadcast his still more recent String Quartet. Both these works, the symphony especially, made a notable impression of mastery and control. We were being propelled, it seemed, by a sure hand from bar to bar, from section to section: even if at some point we had lost our bearings, we felt convinced that the composer had not lost his. A torrent of creative energy floods through this three-movement symphony from beginning to end; the river is often in spate, then breaks up into a maze of smaller eddies, always to resume before long its main and irresistible onward impulse. These, I know, are subjective impressions which another listener might deny; what I think no competent musician will question is the virtuosity of the scoring, the exhilarating clarity and variety of the sound-texture. And it is this, probably, which predisposes us in favour of the music; the colours are so pure and brilliant that they seem to embody, rather than to clothe, the musical design; consequently we are willing to take the larger aspects of the design on trust, giving the composer the benefit of the doubt in so far as we are puzzled.

Puzzled at some points we are almost sure to be. Gerhard is a 12-note composer who has attempted to push Schönberg's ideas of musical organisation a stage further in various directions: by the subdivision of the 12-note series into a pair of complementary hexachords, by the abandonment of normal 'thematic material', by the severance of all links with classical sonata-form, and by the invention of 'duration-values' correlated with, and derived from, the chosen 12-note series. Various writers, the composer included, have tried to expound these ideas in *The Score* for September 1956, to which I would refer the interested reader. Yet I doubt if the most earnest study of these essays will make one listener in a thousand positively aware, as he listens, of the mathematical connections to which so much thought has been given. I confess that I have no idea to what extent 'duration-values' enter into the scheme of the symphony; and I take it on trust that they play an important role in the quartet. To read some of Gerhard's apologists or even some of his own highly articulate explanations without direct experience of the music itself might quite conceivably give one a prejudice against the composer; the astonishing thing is that the music whose genesis he describes as though he were expounding a mathematical theorem should sound in performance so spontaneous, so impetuous, so full of nervous vitality. By good fortune, I have had access to an off-the-air recording of his symphony; and I have come to feel that his highly personal style is like a difficult language to which grammar and dictionary offer little help; it is a language which we can learn only by living with it *en famille*. There is some stylistic resemblance to Berg, but in place of introspective Austrian melancholy we find a spare and brilliant Spanish clarity. The sense of the music is predominantly tragic, but never merely violent and never whimpering. The intellect is always in control, even in those tremendous explosions during the last movement. At the very end the music whirls away into outer space on a prolonged unison E from violins and violas playing in harmonics; it is one of Gerhard's characteristically original and logically convincing conclusions (the end of the quartet is another). If any record company, or the British Council, wishes to sponsor a work capable of arousing intense interest throughout the musical world, they need look no further than this symphony.

Even with so notable an example before our eyes, we cannot help wondering whether the new musical language will ever succeed, like the old, in covering the entire range of our needs? Will there ever be 12-note national anthems, 12-note hymns or popular songs? Is the method suited only to tragedy, irony, violence or disintegration? Could it, for instance, ever produce a work of such charm, subtlety and smiling poise as Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos*? The latter is, like *Cosi fan tutte*, the perfect Glyndebourne opera; and this year it has been given a Mozartian companion in the shape of *Der Schauspieldirektor* in a new version by Hans Hammelmann and Michael Rose. Elegantly mounted by Peter Rice, amusingly produced by Anthony Besch and sympathetically conducted by Bryan Balkwill, the little piece was a great success, and offered us some remarkable singing by Joan Sutherland as one of the rival nightingales and a likeable performance from Naida Labay as the other. It cannot be denied that Rita Streich, who was to have sung the latter role as well as Strauss's Zerbinetta, was missed; Mimi Coertse got through the fiendish difficulties of 'Grossmächtige Prinzessin' with credit, but she has hardly the accuracy or the insouciance for an ideal Zerbinetta. Lucine Amara has the vocal quality, though not quite the subtlety, for Ariadne; while conversely her Bacchus, David Lloyd, has rather more taste than tone. But the RPO was in its happiest form under

John Pritchard, and the total result was again enchanting in Oliver Messel's baroque sets and Carl Ebert's stylish direction; what a pleasure it is to eat my words of last week and affirm that, in *this* comedy at any rate, his touch is unfailingly happy! Never more so than in the Prologue, which was notable for the sad old Music Master of Thomas Hemsley and for a new Composer in the young Swedish soprano, Elisabeth Söderström, who performed the remarkable feat of making us forget – for the moment – even Sena Jurinac. With her strong, well-defined voice, her winning appearance and her total absorption in every moment of action and music, she was indeed the 'dark-eyed boy' imagined by Hofmannsthal and Strauss; all anxiety and despair and genius and loving trust. It was an interpretation of the rarest and most touching beauty.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Sounds that Give Delight

IT is a well-known example of the Gresham's Law of original sin that even people with a taste for the best that sound-radio has to offer find it difficult, once there is a television set in the house, to switch it off and listen to a programme that they would have stayed specially in for in the old days: *Video* – or rather, *audio – meliora, proboque; deteriora sequor.* But the seasonal slump in viewing figures has probably been of some benefit, indirectly, to sound: antisocial though such a practice often is, it is at least comparatively easy to take an ordinary radio set into the garden on a fine summer evening.

What seemed to me to be the most fascinating programme available last Sunday was on sound, not on TV: the Third's hour-long *Memories of a Ballad-hunter*, by Alan Lomax, the second in a series, last broadcast in the winter, of which the third, covering Spain from Seville to the Pyrenees, will be given on Monday next. This was in no way narrowly highbrow: it must have appealed equally to sociologists, to serious musicians, to jazz fans, to those who like richly evocative travelogue, and to penologists. Why the last two categories? Because some of the strongest material in the programme was got from men in Southern prison work-gangs, singing at their work 'in the suffocating gloom of woods where gnats swarm and sting'. Here 'Negro folk-song is completely alive and flourishing as part of physical activity'. These songs were so explosive that one felt they might at any moment burst the radio-set.

From a country chapel in the Mississippi delta Mr Lomax gave us a spiritual compared with which the average music-hall or drawing-room spiritual would sound intolerably etiolated. Again and again there were snatches of poetry – *She brought him a basin of marble stone to catch his life-blood in* or *Dig my grave both deep and narrow, Make my coffin neat and strong* – which might have come from the ballads of any country and century; and it is one of Mr Lomax's merits that, like any good anthropologist, he has at hand his illustrations from remote cultures, switching easily from a Bahamian fishing fleet to a Suffolk glee-choir. His other great merit is that he does not use his material too academically or impersonally: he is interested not only in the harmonic techniques but in the joys and sorrows, and the social circumstances of his singers; and of course it turns out that this is also the most illuminating and truly critical treatment, since – as in his contrast between the white housewife singing in her Virginia mountain kitchen and the Negro washerwoman singing in the kitchen of her White mistress in Alabama – technique and circumstance are interdependent.

Mr Lomax is the most omnivorous collector of folk-music since Cecil Sharp, and he has two advantages which Sharp lacked – ubiquitous mobility and a tape-recorder. It is an encouraging and important fact that this authentic popular music is being recorded and preserved for future listeners, at a time when almost every other sound is engulfed in the commercial pandemonium of Tin Pan Alley.

Some other uncommercial and highly civilised sounds were indeed to be heard on television on Sunday night, when the BBC had engaged the Virtuosi di Roma for a concert which, unfortunately, overlapped with the Lomax programme. For once it had not been thought necessary to choose a 'semi-classical' programme of the palm-lounge kind; but, enjoyable as it was to watch, as well as hear the miraculous oboe-playing of Renato Zanfini in the Valentini concerto, there was nothing in this programme's content or presentation which made it essentially televisual. It could have been appreciated as well, perhaps better, on sound alone.

TOM DRIBERG

Todd's Punctured Balloon

Around the World in Eighty Days—or, You Can Fool the Lot if You Give 'em a Balloon. So Mr Michael Todd's film isn't a film, it's a 'show'. A show for which cinemas have to be refurbished, balloons sent up, columnists caught, parties flung regardless of cost – and rain. I didn't go to the Battersea Park do, and so missed half the 'show'. But I did go to the film at the Astoria on the Press afternoon, when unaccountably Mr Todd had forgotten to order an iceberg, and we sweated through eighty years or so of langour. At least I did. The promise had been wideness unparalleled, the trick supreme; but in the event, This isn't Cinerama.

Could any film—or show—begin worse than with a dull man at a desk with a dull script? That's how this much-advertised new entertainment starts. We are told, in TV manner, about Jules Verne, Méliès, rockets to the moon in fiction and fact; and if only it was TV we'd switch off. When at last the story does appear, we get bogged in a long and tedious scene at an employment agency. But the agent is Mr Noel Coward! The complainant about a hard client Sir John Gielgud! Even so we're bored; and goodness knows what we'd be if we hadn't the interest of wondering what on earth Coward and Gielgud think they're doing. So, more or less, it goes on. If a cabman looks round, it's Fernandel. Cook's clerk in Paris is Boyer; the clerk at Hong Kong is Charles Coburn, and an official of the Great Indian Peninsular Railway is Ronald Colman. Not that you'd notice most of them; and the list of stars, fifty or so, is far, far better reading than ever they were seeing. However, we doodle round the world in Todd fashion – that's to say with studio groups and views from train windows and fronts of engines – and there is, for a thread, Jules Verne's story, with David Niven as Fogg, the immaculate English globe-trotter, and Cantiflas as Passepartout, his man. Cantiflas is described as the South American Chaplin, and better employed might come nearer earning his title. Here his vestigial moustache-ends – as though he'd just been sipping black treacle – and his touching slope-aways and passion for girls are largely wasted. He fights bulls; but that merely means a spread of bullfight. He's an acrobat: spread of

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acrobats in Japan. Sometimes he's chased by sacred cows or rescues a burning widow from suttee. But he strolls through the part. Nothing else he can do. The whole film strolls through its paces, and what should be an exciting race against time becomes very soon a dread that the clock will never strike. With the excuse of wideness, stars and 'show', *Around the World in Eighty Days* lumbers on like an elephant, and in the end I don't know which I found less enlivening: the 'world' as presented by Mr Todd or the covey of clubmen in London, betting heavily against going round it.

I think the best part is the beginning. Missing the train in Paris and buying a balloon isn't in Verne, and depends rather heavily on the north-west wind, but in the balloon Niven and Cantiflas come closer, and there is one delirious moment when they almost graze an alp, and the valet leans out to scoop snow for their champagne. (I notice S. J. Perelman's name among the script writers.) It is possible that, if one cut off twenty feet or so from the sides of each picture, and reduced the whole to about thirty-five minutes there might be quite an amusing film.

To offset this, *Crime and Punishment* (Cameo-Poly) returns in a French version that sets itself in Paris and calls Raskolnikov Brunel and Sonia Lili. Hardly a gain: the plot is 'improved' by removing the usurer's sister, and making Raskolnikov's future brother-in-law a murderer, who first blackmails and then repents. Jean Gabin's Inspector, a Maigret, hardly stands up to Baur. This is a classic with a past in film as well as in print, and practice has proved that with Dostoevsky at any rate fidelity pays best. Here poor Sonia has the final angelic choirs in her face when we first look at her; and the raging temperature of the whole thing has been whittled away. But at least it hasn't been Toddised. Every tart and cat on a stairway isn't famous; and when Raskolnikov says Let's go to Switzerland, the Alps don't spread out and yodels echo.

By the way, a very much livelier cartoon version of *Round the World in Eighty Days*, by Anthony Gross was shown at the National Film Theatre last autumn.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

European Pictures from an English County, at Agnew's

Several works in the distinguished exhibition of about 70 pictures from Hampshire collections at Agnew's have been shown in recent winters at the Academy, but without getting the opportunity they now have to impose themselves. It's not just that the size of the Winter Exhibition tends to destroy the identity of every exhibit but the obvious masterpiece or the oddity, for at Agnew's there is a masterpiece of the first order, which, seen at Burlington House, was a pale shadow of the picture that is seen here, perfectly hung in the perfect light of a room of the right proportions. It is the early Rembrandt portrait said to be of the artist's father, a painting miraculous in its reconciliation of entire verisimilitude with a rock-like density of form.

There are two superb Cuyps, a good Koninck, a version of Titian's *Venus and Adonis*, some dull Canalettos but a great Guardi (No. 31), a marvellous Hubert van Eyck, some average impressionists but a fine Bonnard, two circular paintings by Fuseli, a portrait by Ludwig Tom Ring the Younger, a charming picture by Lodovico Lana, a head by Mengs, a fine Parmigianino, and a strange and wonderful little sketch of bathing nymphs given to Tintoretto.

A. D. B. S.

'Antarctica', at the Players Theatre

It is rarely safe for the indefatigable theatregoer to ignore the presentation of a new musical at the Players Theatre. Several have moved, with varying degrees of success, to the West End where their leader, *The Boy Friend*, steps the boards as jauntily as ever. But *Antarctica* is unlikely to receive any such accolade for it is an undistinguished, and at times utterly absurd, piece. Described as a musical fantasy, the fantasy cloys like a surfeit of molasses, while the music, except for a bright number or two like 'Dumb Friends' or 'Discovery', is tinklingly immemorable. Yet deviser-composer Peter Greenwell and his script-writer Gordon Snell at least had one delightful idea – that Antarctica is the last refuge of all those animals, unicorns, dodos and abominable snowmen, which are hunted by human beings, the final insult being that all such creatures are dubbed positively as mythical or obsolete. But the idea melts away. A word of praise for setting and lighting, but an eponymously cool reception as a whole.

M. C.

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THE SICK IN MIND

SIR,—I hope that parliament will not overlook a threat to individual liberty in the proposals concerning psychopaths made by the Royal Commission on Mental Health. On purely medical judgment, they would enable detention of so-called psychopaths without formal legal process.

Now the diagnosis of 'psychopathic personality' is an overworked one nowadays and, in the psychiatric nomenclature in common use (in the forces, for instance), it is the label affixed to homosexuals, members of queer religions, and eccentrics generally. For example, a homosexual, scientifically labelled, becomes a 'psychopathic personality with pathological sexuality,' or an artistic person without economic ambition and suburban morality becomes a 'psychopathic personality with emotional abnormality,' or even a plain 'inadequate psychopath.' Even if it is only theoretically possible for a homosexual to be classified as a psychopath and deprived of his liberty on the say-so of a psychiatrist, I am, as a psychiatrist, all against it.

At close quarters, the psychiatrists who would be working the Royal Commission's proposals are not overpoweringly subtle Hollywood types but persons who, 20 years ago, would have borne the unromantic title of Asylum Medical Officer. A goodly proportion remain no more conspicuous now for any tolerance of deviation and non-conformism than they ever were then. On these grounds if no other, it would be dangerous, I think, to make the detention of psychopaths simply a medical issue. Any sexual offender would then risk indefinite confinement.

There is a further point. In our haste to abolish the antiquated procedure of certification and the stigma it imposes, it is worth retaining one safeguard that it did offer the certified patient, namely the legal necessity for consent to be obtained from some responsible relative for any treatment contemplated.

Mentally ill people are often morbidly passive and they would submit to decapitation, if that were offered, as indifferently as they often do to shock treatment and brain surgery. I have known patients to be saved by their relatives from the injudicious enthusiasm of surgically inclined mental hospitals and then go on to make good recoveries and to resume their lives with an unmutilated brain. If *all* patients who do not actively oppose treatment in mental institutions are to be regarded *ipso facto* as of voluntary status, then many with no true volition would lose the protection provided by the sensible relative who thinks it over and seeks a second opinion, before agreeing to drastic and irreversible operations.

EX-MENTAL-HOSPITAL DOCTOR

MELOUZA MASSACRE

SIR,—In your issue of 8 June and again in your issues of 22 June and 29 June, you published, on the recent massacres at Melouza (Algeria), a number of comments which, I feel, should be corrected or at least clarified.

(1) The statement according to which the Melouza massacres are 'one of those obscure affairs which occur in every war' is clearly unfounded. The gruesome facts are all too well established and none of the many foreign journalists who have been on the spot have expressed the slightest doubt that the responsibility rests with the so-called FLN (National Liberation Front). I wish only to point to the existence of an order issued last April to rebel units 'to burn all villages which ask for the protection of the French and kill all men over 20 years of age who live in these villages.'

(2) Further, I cannot accept the affirmation by your Paris Correspondent that 'both belligerents are quite capable of massacring the population of a village, and this is not the first time that 300 innocent Algerians have been murdered by French units or nationalised extremists.' This is a very grave accusation to level against the French army and one which,

I must say, is quite unsupported by facts, unless one considers as facts the alleged statements by an anonymous soldier in the letter of your anonymous reader published in your issue of 29 June. As a matter of fact, the army in Algeria is under standing orders to avoid any indiscriminate reprisals, and to co-operate with and protect the population, not to terrorise or to wage war on it. I do not doubt that it is doing its utmost under difficult conditions to carry out its orders. Your statement that many cases of wholesale murder of large numbers of Algerians by French troops have been reported by newspapers is simply unbelievable. May I add that a special committee of independent and authoritative persons has been set up lately to deal with any casé of unnecessary brutality, and it would have been very easy for Mr W. S. to refer his unverified information to them.

(3) As for the 'numerous air raids on Algerian villages' which you mention in your issue of 22 June, I am in a position to deny them absolutely. It has been the constant policy of the French command in Algeria to avoid any large-scale bombing of inhabited places and very few bombings have, in fact, taken place. In the very few instances where bombs had to be dropped on inhabited areas—mostly in border regions—these areas had been evacuated beforehand, and the population resettled in other villages. The latest instance—which has been reported by the press—is the evacuation of the Colo region near Constantine, which was recently declared a forbidden zone. Strong rebel bands were present in this very difficult region and could not be reduced without full-scale military operations. In order to avoid submitting the population to unnecessary dangers, a plan for evacuation was carried out and about 10,000 persons were moved to safer places and resettled in near-by villages.

RENE THIBAULT
Press Counsellor

French Embassy
London

[Every day the French authorities in Algeria announce the killing of large numbers of 'outlaws' by the 'forces of order.' Choosing, at random, the week 15-21 June, a check in the back files of *Le Monde*, the most reliable French newspaper, shows that the following 'outlaws' were killed: 15 June, 170; 16-17 June, 101; 18 June, 365; 19 June, 41; 20 June, 19; 21 June, 45; a total for the week of 741. Now as M. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, who participated in many such operations, revealed in *Lieutenant en Algérie*, it is impossible to say how many of these 'outlaws' are armed rebels and how many are villagers, for the simple reason that the French military authorities are rarely willing, or able, to find out; but it is quite clear from his narrative—and from the many letters from serving officers, some of senior rank, which were sent to *L'Express* to endorse his statements—that unarmed villagers form a large percentage of these casualties. M. Thibault might well tell us why the French government has been unable to provide detailed refutations of any of the allegations made by M. Servan-Schreiber and other reputable observers. Nor are these the only type of murders committed against innocent Algerians. On numerous occasions since the beginning of the Emergency, white mobs in Algiers and other cities, with the connivance or even the assistance of the 'forces of order,' have carried out pogroms in the native quarters. The latest incident occurred as recently as 14 June, in Algiers, when 1,500 white youths, assisted by paratroopers and police, surged into the Casbah. The authorities admitted that five Algerians had been murdered. Observers put the total much higher. Perhaps M. Thibault will say what action has been taken against those responsible.

Finally, M. Thibault advises our anonymous correspondent to send the information to which he referred in his letter to the recently appointed investigatory committee. Might we remind him of the case of Maître Peyrega, the distinguished Dean of the Algiers Bar, who felt it his duty to report an incident he had witnessed in which French troops murdered an unarmed Arab? Maître Peyrega has now been forced to give up his job and his home; his professional career is ruined and his life is in danger; and the authorities have taken no action.—ED., *N.S.*]

SILENT TYRANNY

SIR,—In his blind animosity towards the regime in Portugal—which he is pleased to describe as a 'nasty silent tyranny' comparable to the Soviet oppression in Hungary—Critic (London Diary, 29 June) lays aside any regard for facts and prefers to rely on rumours and sweeping statements. It is facts, however, that provide the sole basis for judgment, and I therefore trust you will allow me to bring a few to the notice of your readers.

In regard to the trial of the 52 'students,' I may begin by saying that some of the accused had long ceased to attend any educational establishment and indeed, in some cases, were over 30 years of age. Furthermore, it should be realised that the trial stemmed from the fact that the Communist Party is illegal in Portugal and that certain political organisations which it controls—the Juvenile Movement for Democratic Union ('MUD Juvenil') and the National Committee for Peace ('Comissao Nacional da Paz'), for example—are also clandestine bodies since they are not recognised by Portuguese law. The accused were charged with belonging to such organisations and with engaging in activities calculated to undermine the security of the state. In the ordinary process of law, they filed their pleas together with supporting applications which, in view of their number and of the wide field of investigation they entailed, delayed by several months the final preparation of each case. The trial was held in public at the Plenary Court of Oporto with a very large number of counsel in attendance. The pleadings filled 40 volumes and the accused called hundreds of witnesses. With the obvious intention of provoking agitation, defending counsel were clearly at pains to drag out the proceedings. Thus the long duration of the trial in fact resulted from concern to ensure for the accused every possible guarantee for their defence.

Critic makes various random and sweeping allegations with which I do not propose to deal, since they are totally unsupported by evidence. Your readers will, however, be able to gauge the degree of reliability they should attach to them when I point out that it is not a fact that people are punished by the deprivation of civil rights. What happens in some cases is that there is deprivation of political rights—quite a different matter. Also, it is not true that, in the case of the 52 accused, no account was taken of the months many of them had spent in jail. The truth is that, of the 20 who were found guilty, no less than 16 were set free either because they were considered to have served their sentences whilst awaiting trial or because the sentences were suspended or substituted by fines. Hardly barbarous treatment, I think.

As regards Professor Ruy Luis Gomes, surely the fact that his appeal was successful is proof enough that he was not denied his rights. I cannot, of course, comment on his new trial as the matter is *sub judice*.

I am sorry if our intolerance of Communist activities in Portugal meets with your disapproval, but, at any rate, I am sure the foregoing will serve to show that there is in Portugal full respect for the law.

A. POTIER
Press Attaché

Portuguese Embassy
London

[Critic reported no rumours and random allegations; his statements were precise, measured and documented. (1) His allegation, for example, that the PJDA (the Political Police) can arrest and detain anyone in prison for any period up to six months without making any charge against them or bringing them before any court is true and has not been denied.

(2) Mr. Potier's statement that the organisations to which the students belonged were 'clandestine bodies not recognised by Portuguese law' is not surprising because under the Decree-Law of 13 June 1949 and other laws no association may be formed which the government considers 'subversive.' As recently as 15 March of this year the government refused to allow the formation of a Portuguese United Nations Association. If nevertheless one was formed, it would equally be a 'clandestine body not recognised by Portuguese law.'

(3) As to the students and 'every possible guarantee for their defence', we have before us a protest by 72 lawyers of Lisbon and Oporto. (We have personal knowledge of one young man of 17 who had himself been tortured under examination. That two others died while being examined in prison is not apparently denied.) No inquiry followed the legal protest except that proceedings were taken against some of those who had signed it.

(4) As to 'the trial was held in public at the Plenary Court of Oporto,' this is a special court of special judges to hear political cases. What is a 'public' trial when no newspaper ean go to press without having passed the censorship? And what is to be said for a trial in which no notes are taken of the evidence and no cross-examination of the witnesses for the prosecution permitted?

(5) As to 'deprived of political rights,' whenever there is a conviction of any political offence the court *must* deprive the accused of his political rights for some period under the Decree-Law referred to above.

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One of the students had spent seven years studying the law and was just about to become qualified. He has now been deprived of political rights (the phrase 'civil rights' is, in fact, the more accurate description) for 15 years, one of the effects of which is that he cannot be a practising lawyer for 15 years.

(6) As to the ages of the students ('in some cases were over 30 years of age'), seven were women; only three were 30 or over; the average age was 22.

(7) As to the National Committee for Peace (which is not Communist), during the trial one of the policemen called for the prosecution was asked 'If you saw a man write on a wall "Peace on earth to men of good will" what would you do?' He answered 'I should arrest him.'—ED., *N.S.*]

RACIAL PREJUDICE

SIR,—I disagree with Mrs Mackay when she says that racial prejudice is a kind of madness which needs a psychiatrist's treatment. Nor can I agree wholly with the Australian nursing sister in saying that it is all a question of personal attraction. There is, however, some truth in what she says, for I myself find red hair and a ruddy skin almost as repulsive as negroid features and crinkly hair. But this is, by no means, the whole problem. Such likes and dislikes may govern individual relationships but they cannot have much effect when it comes to mass psychology. Thus a girl from the slums of Moss Side might prefer to associate with Jamaicans because she finds them virile and more attractive than her own countrymen. But it is ridiculous to suggest that a transport corporation bans coloured labour because it does not consider them sexually or æsthetically pleasing!

The clue to colour prejudice lies, I feel, not in Freud but in Kipling. Rudyard Kipling described the 'native' in 1899 as 'half-devil and half-child' and that feeling persists to this day. It has been noticed that the colour bar is strongest in the poorer quarters where people are more backward and ignorant and where old fears and beliefs still linger. These working class people are the backbone of Britain's Conservative Party and to believe in the white man's superiority is part of their creed. It is a relic of the days when Britannia really ruled the waves and when a large portion of the world's coloured population (I mean the African) was in a state of backward savagery. Europe with her scientific and industrial progress had successfully subjugated the older civilisations of the Orient and this bred in the white man a false sense of his own importance.

Today the wheel is turning, but ideas die hard and the strange mixture of fear and contempt that constitutes anti-coloured feeling persists. Nor has the recent influx of West Indians and its consequent effects on the housing and employment problems here helped the situation.

All the same I do not think there is anything to be done about the problem of racial prejudice. It exists everywhere though the reasons for feeling an aversion to foreigners may be different in India or Egypt from what they are here. Racial prejudice in England was part of the spirit of the age and it will die with the age. The emergence of new Asian and African states will bring home to the Englishman that he no longer rules the world and once he realises his own lack of importance and gets reconciled to it, racial prejudice will automatically die out.

SUNANDA K. DATTA-RAY

The University Union
Manchester, 15

MAKING FREE WITH AUTHORS

SIR,—May I correct a mis-statement in Mr Rolph's article 'Making Free with Authors'? He says that 'in 1943 . . . the Ministry of Education promised to act in due course upon a report produced' by myself.

I very much regret to say that at no time has the Ministry of Education expressed its intention of implementing the various suggestions that I made in that report. These did not, however, include any reference to an Authors' Fund as is implied in Mr Rolph's article.

I do not agree in any way that any such Authors' Fund should be directly allied to the public library service. I think that public authorities should be free to do what they like with their own property and if they choose to lend books free of charge, as they are legally entitled to do, there can be no objection. They are merely carrying out their responsibilities under the Libraries Acts.

I think that Mr Brophy's suggestion that public authorities, their staffs and premises should be used to collect an extra royalty for authors is preposterous. Moreover, such a scheme would do nothing to improve the state of literature or the conditions of authors. It would give to those who already have.

I believe, with Mr Rolph, that the nation would benefit were the government to give well-directed assistance to literature, but it should be done directly, as he suggests, perhaps through the Arts Council and not by any such stupid method as Mr Brophy's 1d a volume scheme.

LIONEL COLVIN

City of Westminster Public Libraries
4 Charing Cross Road
WC2

SIR,—May I be permitted to correct a slip in the opening paragraph of C. H. Rolph's article 'Making Free With Authors'? Mr. Rolph states: 'The libraries buy most of their books new from the publishers . . . the public "free" ones at 10 per cent.' While it is true that under certain conditions public libraries are granted licences by the Publishers Association enabling them to buy new books at a 10 per cent. discount, they buy their books—fortunately for the bookselling trade of this country—whether under the before-mentioned arrangement or not, from booksellers and not publishers.

F. D. SANDERS

The Publishers Association
19 Bedford Square
WC1

RHODESIAN BY-ELECTION

SIR,—In the NEW STATESMAN of 15 June 1957, under Comments of the Week, there appeared the following statement:

> In a by-election last week Welensky's candidate was defeated at Mrewa by the Dominion Party representative, who openly supports Apartheid.

As the candidate concerned, and the leader of the Dominion Party, I wish to refute this allegation, which is a lie, and request that you should produce proof of this statement. I would point out that I have at all my meetings made it quite clear that we do not and I do not support a policy of Apartheid.

W. J. FIELD

PO Box 51
Marandellas
Southern Rhodesia

[We apologise to Mr Field if we have misunderstood the constitution of the Dominion Party or misrepresented his position; and we are glad to publish his assurance that he does not support Apartheid. —ED., *N.S.*]

ALL ABOUT ALGY

SIR,—As a matter of professional pride I should like to point out that the 'Algy' to whom my verses last week were addressed was not of my invention. A curious sub-editorial error, no doubt, 'Algy' wrecked the rhyme sequence and he still affronts me beyond endurance. The fictitious child of the future to whom his mother explains history (*circa* 1984) was probably christened Egbert and was naturally called Bertie by his mamma. None of these characters, invented by the sub-editor or myself, can possibly be identified with any living or historical figure.

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THE STRUGGLE FOR THE MIDDLE EAST — II

The New Role of Britain

At present, Britain's Middle Eastern policy is entirely negative; it consists, as Saeb Salam bitterly summed it up for me, in 'lying low – and hoping to creep into the area again on the back of American carrier diplomacy.' The Tory Party is now so discredited – not least among our so-called 'friends' – that I doubt if any real alternative is open to us in the lifetime of the present government. But the coming Labour government can, and I believe must, play an entirely new role in the politics of the Middle East. And if the party is to fill it satisfactorily, a great deal of hard thinking will be required in the next two years.

The disastrous policy pursued by Labour during the years 1945-51, which all but culminated in an armed intervention similar to Sir Anthony Eden's Suez expedition, shows that without positive, coherent and long-term planning, Socialists are no better equipped to deal with the area's problems than the Tories they so bitterly criticise. The November crisis, however, has given Labour its opportunity. Until then, as the paramount power, Britain's primary interest was necessarily the maintenance of stability; and this meant that, however much Britain might wish to encourage political and economic reform in the states they patronised, in the last resort the preservation of the *status quo* – and hence of the feudal regimes which constituted it – was more vital. Since November, however, this regional burden has been shouldered by America. Henceforth, the sheikhs and kings, the landlords and merchants, will look to Washington for protection. For the first time we can, if we choose, play an independent and constructive role.

What does this mean in practice? At present, and for the foreseeable future, America will be tied to the ruling feudal cliques who constitute the only section of Arab society willing to co-operate with the West on the West's terms. So long as the nationalists are orientated towards Russia, America will find itself unable to encourage a progressive evolution towards democracy. Nationalism will become synonymous with Communism, and America will be forced to accept the paradoxical task she has assumed in the Far East: preserving freedom by permanent autocracy. But if Arab nationalism can find an alternative – and 'respectable' – mentor, the vicious circle can be broken; and it is precisely this role which Britain, above all a Socialist-led Britain, is now free to play.

But this fact must be brought home to Arab nationalists, above all to the increasingly influential section whose nationalism has a social content. During the next two years, Transport House must take emergency measures to remedy the situation. I should like to see a special office set up, under the direction of a permanent sub-committee of the National Executive, to promote contacts and exchanges on both a trade union and a political level, to run an annual summer-school for Arab Socialists in Britain, and to provide guidance for MPs on matters affecting Anglo-Arab relations.

A better understanding, on a personal and ideological level, between British Socialists and progressive Arab nationalists, can create a favourable climate in which a Labour government's policy can subsequently be deployed; but it is, of course, no substitute for a policy as such. To make friends with a few Arab leaders is not difficult; to displace Russia from her crucial position as patron of Arab nationalism is quite another matter. If we are to achieve this, we must convince the mass of Arab opinion that we have basic interests in common. And this will require action in three vital spheres.

Oil On Troubled Waters

The first is oil. After visiting five of the major oil-producing areas of the Middle East, I came to the conclusion that, despite the many valuable lessons which have been learnt since the Abadan crisis, the relations between the West, as consumer, and the Middle East, as producer, are still on a fundamentally unsound basis, and for two reasons: the oil-bearing states still receive an inadequate share of the profits of the oil-producing industry, and the proportion they do receive is unevenly distributed, taking the area as a whole. The first statement may seem surprising. All oil-bearing states now receive a 50 per cent. royalty on each barrel extracted; royalty payments now total nearly $1,000 million a year, and in the next 20 years they are expected to rise to $2,500 million a year (for purposes of comparison, Marshall Aid totalled about $14,500 million).

But great as are the sums now received by the Arab governments, they represent only a small proportion – between a quarter and a fifth – of the profits derived from the sale of Middle Eastern oil. Royalties are based on the price per barrel of oil when it leaves the producing area, and bear no relation to ultimate selling prices. The so-called selling-process is purely a paper transaction, and the 'price' is only a small percentage of the real value of the oil, reckoned at current market rates. The balance sheets of the producing companies, therefore, do not reflect the profits of their parent companies which market the oil, but merely the level of royalty payments which, by agreement among themselves, they are prepared to make; and this explains why, although production costs at IPC's Kirkuk field are nearly three times as great as at KOC's Burgan field, royalties per barrel received by the Iraq and Kuweit governments are approximately the same.

Keeping up with the Joneses in Kuweit
(Illustrations by the Author)

In short, the companies can afford to pay a great deal more than they are doing at present, and it is doubtful if the present 50 per cent. royalty maximum can be maintained much longer. The new Italo-Persian company, which will exploit the Qum field, will reportedly operate on a 75-25 split; and Aramco is already under pressure to raise the Saudi share to 70 per cent.; if this happens, all the other companies will have to follow suit. As Dr Nadim Pachachi, the Iraqi minister responsible for relations with IPC, told me: 'We are perfectly satisfied with the present arrangement, but if the percentage is raised elsewhere, we shall have no option but to insist on the same for us.'

But a simple percentage increase would not help anybody, except perhaps the importunate Saud. Apart from Iraq, the economies of the oil-bearing states cannot absorb royalty payments even at their present level; and even in Iraq, a further large increase in public spending would have dangerous inflationary consequences. Moreover, it would have the additional drawback of deepening the gulf – which is one of the prime causes of instability in the area – between the 'have' and 'have-not' states. At present, Egypt, the Lebanon, Syria and Jordan, with a total population of 30.5 million, receive less than $30 million from oil royalties and transit dues; Iraq, Saudi Arabia and the Gulf states, with a total population of 7.5 million receive about $950 million. It is therefore desirable, on both economic and political grounds that at least some of the oil wealth should be distributed as widely as possible throughout the area as a whole.

The idea is not new. As long ago as 1950, there was an unofficial Lebanese proposal that the oil-bearing states and the companies should each contribute 5 per cent. of their royalties to a Middle Eastern development fund issuing long-term loans to governments at low interest rates. The project was not well-received for the simple psychological reason that it asked the oil-bearing states to give up something that they already possessed. I discussed it with the responsible ministers in both Iraq and Kuweit, and received entirely negative replies. The Iraqi minister told me: 'We might consider contributing 5 per cent. if Kuweit gave 20 per cent. All our money is already allocated for years ahead, while theirs is simply wasted. The Kuweiti response was even less helpful: 'We need every rupee we can get.'

On the other hand if, before the pressure for a 70-30 per cent. split becomes irresistible, the oil companies, at the request of their governments, were to propose a new arrangement under which the additional 20 per cent. royalties were to contribute to such a fund, it would be very difficult for the oil-bearing states to refuse. And, with an annual income starting at $400 million, rising gradually to $1,000 million, the fund would thus enable the Arab governments to dispose of something which they have never possessed and which, so long as the Middle East remains a theatre of East-West competition, they are unlikely ever to possess: aid without strings, under self-administration, financed from their own resources.

From past experience it is clear that neither the oil-bearing states nor the companies will voluntarily accept such an idea. Positive action by the British government would be required. As the majority shareholder in BP, the dominant partner in KOC, it is in Britain's power to take the first, decisive step which will force the rest to fall into line. The financial cost to the British taxpayer, though heavy, would be small in com-

parison with the incalculable contribution such a fund could make to the economic development and political stability of the area, from which Britain would be the first to benefit. Moreover, by fathering the plan, we could ensure that the fund's transactions are conducted within the general framework of the Sterling Area. In many other respects the relations between the companies and the producing areas can be improved. But no other scheme could so simply, so quickly and so radically alter the image of exploitation which oil presents to Arab eyes.

The second plank in a Labour programme for a new British Middle Eastern policy must be the rapid, but orderly, liquidation of our remaining political and military commitments. Here again, so long as these exist – or rather so long as our determination to bring them to an end is not publicly and irrevocably proclaimed – our attempts to become the patron of Arab nationalism will be fruitless. These commitments – in Iraq, in the Persian Gulf, in Muscat and in the Aden Protectorates – are anomalous in the sense that they were functions of a paramountcy we no longer possess. But in each case there are strong local arguments for their retention which, unless we are prepared to treat our policy in the Arab world as an organic entity, appear overwhelming. The present government, certainly, is prepared to let things remain as they are, and there is a real danger that Labour will do the same unless it is confronted with a practicable alternative.

In Iraq the problem is relatively simple because the alternative already exists. Britain created the Baghdad Pact because, as the sad episode of the 1948 Portsmouth Treaty showed, a renewal of the military privileges Britain enjoyed under the old Anglo-Iraq treaty was unacceptable to Iraqi opinion, except within the framework of a regional defence organisation which included other Asian members. It is now clear that these privileges are valueless. As the events of last November showed, we cannot use our Iraqi bases to counter a threat to our interests within the area; while external threats are now covered by the Eisenhower Doctrine, and, indeed, by American membership of the Military Committee.

Until November, the government argued that a British withdrawal from the Pact would be an abdication of responsibility; and the opposition met them half-way by agreeing that Britain should remain in the Pact but should simply allow it to wither away. Both these attitudes are now untenable. By joining the Military Committee, and by showing, as they did at the Karachi meeting, that they really mean business, the Americans have not only lifted the burden of responsibility from our own shoulders, but have increased the chances that the Pact, far from withering away, will, on the contrary, prosper and flourish. Our continued membership, therefore, no longer serves any useful purpose, and there are positive advantages to be gained by a dignified withdrawal. By dignified I mean 'phased': (1) immediate resignation from the Ministerial Council (which means we would no longer be a member of the Pact as such); (2) resignation from the Counter-Subversion and Military Committees after the hand-over to the Americans is complete; (3) resignation from the Economic Committee as soon as the oil revenues development fund has begun to function.

South of Iraq it is not possible to proceed with quite the same ruthlessness, because in Arabia we still have a positive role to play; indeed, in some areas – the Trucial Coast, Muscat and Oman, the Aden Protectorates – it may be necessary to preserve the present relation for some time. But in Kuweit, Bahrein and Qatar, our position is already unsatisfactory and likely to become more so. In each our efforts have ended in tragedy, and all three provide pathetic proof that an uneasy mixture of cupidity and good intentions is no substitute for a policy.

The Politics of Bedlam

Kuweit is like a night-club: murky, unwholesome, fascinating, expensive and, in the last resort, dangerous. Nowhere else have I found myself so acutely and so unpleasantly aware of the physical power of money. KOC's two big fields, 20 miles south of Kuweit town, are now producing oil at an annual rate of nearly 60 million tons – and it is the cheapest crude on earth. Beneath the flat yellow mud and sand lie about 20 per cent. of the world's estimated oil reserves. Since production started in 1946, Kuweit has received nearly £400 million in royalties, and they are now running at the annual rate of £120 million. For a state with a population of under 250,000 this means rapid, constant and violent change.

Circling over the town in an elderly Viking, I saw a planner's dream: wide, white boulevards fanning out from the city centre, with thousands of brightly coloured American cars purring along them like contented ants. At ground level, inside the airport, the picture begins to change. Ferocious soldiers, armed to the teeth and dressed in vaguely British uniforms, lounge around, impassively watching Lebanese merchants as they carry bags of smuggled gold to Cadillacs waiting outside. Behind the customs counter stand tall, elegant Bedouins, in spotless white linen gowns and silk headcloths, each with an enormous gold watch, an enormous gold signet ring, and an enormous gold Parker 51. Once outside the airport, Bedlam begins in earnest.

In Kuweit, things began to go wrong the moment the oil started to flow. Despite the success of the adviserate system in Bahrein, the British did not insist – as they were in a position to do at that stage – that the Ruler appoint a British adviser; worse, they allowed him to appoint members of his family to the five principal departments of state which were created. Not until 1950 did they persuade him to think in terms of a development plan, and not until 1952 was a permanent official, General Hasted, appointed Controller of Planning. At this stage, the principal object of British policy – in so far as it had any object at all – seems to have been to ensure that all government contracts went to British companies.

A Qatar Water-cart

In this they succeeded, and the entire 15-year development plan was apportioned out among five British firms. The government did not carry out a preliminary cost survey, did not call for tenders, and simply awarded contracts on a cost-plus basis. To make matters worse, the Ruler insisted that each project should have a Kuweiti 'sleeping partner' – drawn, of course, from his own family – sharing 50 per cent. of the profits. The percentage profit was thus doubled, from 7.5 to 15 per cent.; no anti-inflationary precautions were taken, labour and materials costs rocketed, much of the finished work was of inferior quality, and the Ruler's rage overflowed when the time came to pay the price of his own folly.

In 1945, General Hasted resigned in disgust. A Syrian successor was appointed, but he, too, was soon driven to resignation. The five British contractors were forced to leave, most of their work unfinished. Some projects are still being carried out, but the development programme as such no longer exists. British officials are being systematically weeded out of government departments and replaced by Kuweitis on a basis of pure, unadulterated nepotism. Most of the financial power is in the hands of the so-called Minister of Public Works, the Ruler's half-brother, a Negro half-cast of slave origin, called Sheikh Fahad Al Salam. He delegates most of his authority to an Inspector-General, a young Lebanese called Fuad Abdul Baki, whom he 'discovered' in Beirut. And to complicate matters still further, young Fuad, who evidently comes of fertile stock, has brought to Kuweit over 60 members of his own family, who today constitute a sizeable proportion of the senior civil service.

In consequence, the public works department's compound has become a sort of Aladdin's cave in which the sheikh keeps everything, from 30 Cadillacs to ten cases of lipstick, which he does not require for his immediate personal use. No budget is prepared, no accounts are kept, no audits are held, and there is no distinction between ministers' personal financial transactions and those of their departments. In theory, one-third of the income from oil is spent on development, one-third on the Ruler's personal expenses, and one-third is banked in London; but despite the fabulous rise in royalties, the proportion allotted to reserves has now fallen to a fifth.

PAUL JOHNSON

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Of course, not everything has been wasted. Kuweit now has the largest sea-water distillery in the world, an excellent free health service, 68 schools – including a vast high school, of Babylonian luxury, which will one day become a university – and a high-quality road network which is nearing completion. How much benefit these have brought to the Kuweitis is problematical. Of all things, Kuweit is most short of technical skill; but when I visited the new, and magnificently equipped, technical school just outside the town, I thought I had wandered into one of the sheikh's palaces by mistake. The students were lying in the sun in a rainbow-coloured courtyard, with fountains playing merrily; overhead, huge loudspeakers blared out a Strauss waltz. It was all rather like a lavish holiday camp – except there were no gym-mistresses to tell people what to do.

Carried blissfully along on its oceans of oil, Kuweit is running fast into trouble. A week before I arrived a curious incident occurred, which most people have interpreted as a reversion into the past, but which in all probability is a hint of things to come. Attracted by Kuweit's fabulous wealth, more and more nomads have been flocking into the town from the desert. Many of them claim to be distant connections of the ruling family, the Al-Sabahs, and demand, in consequence, a hereditary share in the oil revenues. Three years ago, a Saudi family called the El-Maliks, descendants of slaves once owned by the Al-Sabahs, moved into Kuweit. The Emir provided them with a house, but they subsequently laid claim to ownership of a village on the coast, twenty miles south of the town. The case went to the Emir's court, where judgment was against them. They then introduced a further claim to nearly 50 per cent. of Kuweit town itself, and the Emir reluctantly decided to expel them from the territory. The El-Maliks responded by hiring some 30 Saudi mercenaries and fortifying their house; with the help of relatives in the Kuweit Security Department they obtained large quantities of small-arms, ammunition and sandbags.

At this point, Sheikh Abdullah Mabarak, Kuweit's Minister of the Interior, took matters out of the Emir's hands. He gave the El-Maliks a 7-day ultimatum to leave the country, and after its expiry he moved in units of Kuweit's 2,500-strong army. The investment of the house should have been a simple police operation, and the necessary weapons – tear-gas bombs, fired from mortars – were in fact available. Instead Mabarak employed two squadrons of artillery; 25-pounders were brought into position, and 2-pounder guns fired between 40 and 50 rounds of solid shells at point-blank range. Most of these, fortunately, landed in the harbour, but 10 struck the house itself and two more went through the roofs of neighbouring houses, whose inhabitants, needless to say, had received no warning of the operations. In all, eight people were killed, but in the confusion the principal members of the El-Malik clan escaped. The spectacle, I should add, was watched by about 3,000 cheering Kuweitis.

Mabarak's motive in staging this battle was perfectly clear. The present Ruler is now 65, and his life-expectation has not been increased by his recent marriage to a 15-year-old girl. The succession will almost certainly be disputed, and the three principal contenders are Sheikh Jaber Al Ahmed, the young and comparatively progressive Chief of Security in the oilfield, who has the backing of the British; Sheikh Fahad Al Salam, who has most of the money; and Mabarak himself, who has the army. The siege of the El-Maliks' house was intended as a visible warning to all concerned that he intends to use it. Mabarak has no patience with the nationalists and regards Kuweit's development schemes as a criminal waste of money; his hero is King Saud's father, Ibn Saud, and he would like to run Kuweit's affairs on the pattern of Saudi Arabia.

Meanwhile, nationalism, trained and encouraged by the 1,200 Palestinians and Egyptians who form 60 per cent. of the Kuweiti civil service, is steadily gaining ground. The nominal leader of the movement is Sheikh Jarem Al-Katani, a charming young British-trained Chief of Police, who resigned from his post last November when ordered to break up a nationalist demonstration; the real leader is Dr Ahmed Khatib, a saturnine descendant of a Saudi slave-family, who is generally thought to be a member of the Communist Party. If Mabarak seizes power the clash will become open and violent. And between these two irreconcilable forces, powerless, apparently to do anything at all, stand the British. Other things being equal, Kuweit's future would be of interest merely as a brilliant academic illustration of the workings of pure political forces at a primitive level. Alas, of every five barrels of fuel oil used in British industry, three come from Kuweit.

Bahrein's Tragedy of Errors

Bahrein's tragedy is more complex. The island has possessed oil-wealth much longer than any other of the Gulf states, but in much smaller quantities. Royalties from the oilfield, with its annual output of 1.5 million tons, and from the refinery – the largest, after Abadan, in the Middle East – are only in the region of £3 million a year, and unlikely to rise much higher; but they have been coming in since the 1930s. Thanks to Sir Charles Belgrave, until January the Ruler's adviser, they have been usefully employed. In many respects, Bahrein is a miniature welfare state; and it is the only country in the Arabian peninsular whose government is conducted on modern principles. There is a written criminal code, public accounting, an annual budget; only two ministers are drawn from the ruling family, and both are experts. Manama, the capital, is clean, tidy, efficient and hard-working. But the most striking difference can be felt instantly by simply talking to the inhabitants: Bahrein has had a whole generation of universal, free education.

And this, of course, in political terms means trouble. Indeed, until November, Bahrein possessed the nearest equivalent in Arabia to a modern political party: the Committee of National Unity. Its leaders were essentially moderate men, influenced, naturally, by Cairo for the simple reason that most of their supporters listen to the Voice of the Arabs; but reformists in outlook and without the congenital Anglophobia which marks Arab nationalism elsewhere. Indeed, and this is the curious fact, they regarded the British as their allies; for in Bahrein the Foreign Office has played a very devious game. Since the foundation of the CNU, the Political Agent and the British Resident in the Persian Gulf, who has his headquarters in Bahrein, used it as an instrument to force the Emir and Sir Charles Belgrave to introduce elective principles of democratic government. One of the Foreign Office's objectives was to secure Belgrave's removal, since they apparently considered his influence over the Ruler as a source of political embarrassment. Throughout 1956, they both encouraged the CNU to press their demands and, at the same time, prevented the Ruler from taking punitive measures against them. Following the March riots, the Ruler wished to arrest all the CNU leaders; the British vetoed it, and informed the CNU of their action.

Unusual

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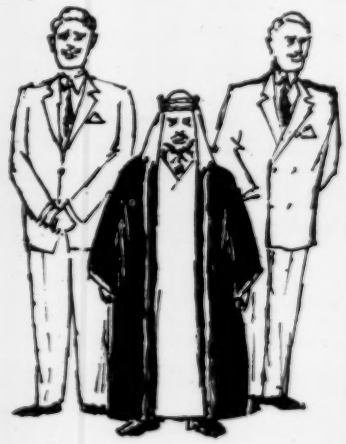
But this Machiavellian policy had two fatal drawbacks. Firstly, the British had no clear idea of how far they wished the CNU to go, or what their own position would be if an open clash developed; their policy had not been thought out to its logical conclusions. Secondly, and in consequence, the CNU itself gradually formed the view that British support would always be forthcoming. After the March riots, and the British intervention in their favour, they became convinced the British wanted them to force a showdown with the Ruler. Unfortunately, the crisis came in November over the Suez issue. The popular demand for violent action was very strong, but it seems that the CNU leaders could, and would, have held their militants in check if they had not been quite certain of British approval. The ensuing riots were very serious indeed, but it was the British who really lost their heads. Far from intervening to save the CNU, they abruptly reversed their policy, openly approved the draconian measures taken against the nationalists, and provided both prison accommodation for the three principal leaders – each sentenced to 14 years' detention – in St. Helena, and the transport to take them there.

Hence, in one week, British folly encompassed the destruction of the one progressive, democratic and fundamentally pro-western nationalist movement in the Persian Gulf. Constitutional advance has been indefinitely suspended, the nationalists are leaderless, and those militants who escaped imprisonment are now in exile in Kuweit, where they are being trained in quite a different political school. And the most depressing fact of all is that the British in Bahrein have learnt absolutely nothing from their experience. Sitting behind their desks, gazing out at the dancing waters of the Gulf, wondering what to do next, they are quite contentedly placing the blame exclusively on the shoulders of Sir Anthony Eden. 'Everything was going fine,' they say, 'until Suez. . . .'

Qatar is the ultimate horror. The town crouches on the edge of a vast, empty peninsular whose only inhabitants seem to be the most sinister black goats in the world and gay, prehistoric lizards. The state gets over £20 million a year in royalties, which gives it the highest *per capita* income in the world. The profligacy and ignorance which flourish so lustily in Kuweit here find their purest expression. In the harbour a magnificent luxury yacht – a present from King Saud on the occasion of his state visit – swings at anchor. With its dashing Italian captain and its smart European crew, it costs £2,000 a week to maintain. But the Ruler has found a textual reference in the Koran which forbids sea travel (he recently abolished the teaching of geography in the state's schools for exactly the same reason the Holy Office condemned Galileo), and during the two-and-a-half years in which the yacht has been in his possession, it has made one solitary and humiliating trip: to pick up a small cargo of dates in Basra.



A Sheikh and British Advisers

Some of Qatar's horrors are visible, others hidden behind thick mud-and-concrete walls. Inside the Ruler's palaces are 450 American cars, many still inside the crates in which they arrived, as long ago as 1950. Outside the town is a dump, where the rotting carcases of discarded Buicks and Chevrolets disintegrate under the sun and wind; wealth returning to the sands from which it came. A few miles inland I saw the Ruler's stud-farm, with its 100 thoroughbreds. Was the ruler, then a great rider, I asked? 'He has never been here,' said the foreman sadly. 'But he believes a powerful sheikh should have many horses.' Nearby, an even more curious sight: I watched bulldozers crumple up the walls of a new palace. The place was built, at a cost of £350,000, as a guest-house for King Saud on his visit. Afterwards, an enterprising business man tried to purchase it from the Ruler for conversion into a hotel (none exists in Qatar). But the Ruler decreed: 'Where my friend the King has slept no-one will be permitted to enter. It must be razed to the ground.' Qatar of all places makes one realise how dreadful those Thousand and One Nights must have been.

In the midst of this lunacy, the British are comfortably installed. Somehow or other they have managed to persuade the Ruler to build a £3 million hospital. Qatar is in the Sterling Area, of course; and nearly half its revenues are immediately banked in the City. Beyond maintaining this happy state of affairs, British policy seems to have no discernable objectives, beyond an occasional, amateurish dabble in local politics. Outside the office of the Political Agent, I caught an echo of the tragi-comedy enacted in Bahrein. As I entered, a furtive figure brushed past me. Who, I asked afterwards, was that? 'Well, as a matter of fact, he's the leader of the local nationalists. We believe in keeping in touch with them, you know . . .' In Qatar, as elsewhere in the Middle East, the road to Moscow is paved with British good intentions.

I have written enough to make it clear that, under the present Protectorate treaties, the development of a sensible, long-term British policy in the Persian Gulf is virtually impossible. We do not possess the power to dissuade the sheikhs from folly, but we are under the obligation to protect them from its consequences. This intolerable position has produced, among our representatives out there, a sort of mental sickness, in which the world as it is, and the world as they would like it to be, become totally confused. Forced to work with these unpleasant old men, the British political agent gradually persuades himself that they are not so bad after all. How many times was I told: 'He may be old-fashioned in his outlook, but he's fundamentally *wise*, you know.' He is not. With one or two marginal exceptions, the feudal rulers of the Gulf are uniformly ignorant, stupid, profligate and vicious. I mention this curious delusion because it has bred, among our representatives, the myth that, sooner or later, given time and patience, the rulers will allow democratic practices to be adopted and that by a sort of magical process of mutual tolerance, they will become constitutional monarchs and their subjects loyal and restrained citizens. The myth has taken the place of deliberately thought-out policy, and not even the convulsion of last November seems to have shaken it. But what are the facts? The British have been 'advising' these rulers for 60 years, and not one of them has surrendered any of his absolute prerogatives in any respect whatsoever, nor has any of them the slightest intention of doing so as long as they know that, in the last resort, they can always call on Britain's help.

Here again, a 'phased' withdrawal is the only answer. The British have often been accused of internal interference in the Gulf; the trouble is, we have not interfered enough; and interference can become tolerable, even welcome, provided it is made clear in whose interest we have acted and precisely how long it will go on. We should, therefore, set ourselves deadlines: two years for Bahrein, five for Kuweit, perhaps as much as ten for Qatar; and announce publicly that at the end of these periods the existing treaties will be replaced by new ones under which we should divest ourselves of all obligations save that of defending the states from external attack. The Ruler of Bahrein, for example, should be told that he has precisely two years in which to draw up a constitution and come to terms with his subjects; and that after two years he will have to fend for himself. The deadlines should be adhered to no matter what happens, but in the meantime we should not scruple to use every available means to force the rulers to act in their own long-term interests. From my conversations with nationalist leaders in all three territories I am convinced that such a plan would be acceptable to them and that they would co-operate in making it work. Besides releasing us from an increasingly uncomfortable position, it has two positive advantages: it is, in the long run, the only effective means of ensuring that the oil of these regions remains a sterling commodity; and it would provide, throughout the Arab world as a whole, the psychological shock required to shatter the traditional image of Britain.

PAUL JOHNSON

(To be concluded)

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Brougham's Head

WHEN Henry Brougham died in 1868 he left behind him a remarkable legacy of the significant and the trivial. The 'odd little, sort of garden chair' specially built for him by Robinson in which he drove about caused a carriage to be named after him; there were Brougham's Head taverns in every county; his mask borne by an imp appeared and remained on the old-fashioned cover of *Punch* and his patronage of Cannes transformed it from a fishing village into a fashionable resort. He had immeasurably advanced the cause of popular education, furthered the abolition of the slave trade and the emancipation of the Negro, and accomplished far-reaching and fundamental reforms in the law. His permanent memorials are the University of London and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. During the greater part of a long life he provided his contemporaries with an unfailing fund of conjecture and gossip, afforded a source of inspiration to the cartoonists and a mint of lively copy to the newspapers. A series of popular defences made him the hero of the masses, and the county members of the House of Commons regarded him as a latter-day Demosthenes. Yet his success is easier to explain than his downfall, and in spite of the care and patience of his latest biographer* he remains the most perplexing and enigmatic personality of the nineteenth century.

The son of a small Westmorland squire, he passed from Edinburgh University to the Scottish Bar, thence to the English Bar and in 1810 to a seat in Parliament. He also assisted in founding the *Edinburgh Review*, contributing 80 articles in the first 20 numbers upon subjects ranging from 'Ritson on Abstinence from Animal Food' to 'Dr Hill's Latin Synonyms.' He lost his seat in 1812 to Canning, but was returned again in 1816, and thereafter in a variety of constituencies was the most active member of the Whig opposition. He also established a considerable reputation at the Bar, but he was primarily a politician and pre-eminently an orator, whose discursive genius was ill-suited to adroit argument on narrowly defined issues. In a technical case, it was said, he was like a schoolboy who has learned his lesson but has not much interest in repeating it. Egotistic, an exhibitionist and determined at all costs to outshine, he needed the scope afforded by broad questions of principle to display his particular brand of pyrotechnics. His style was demagogic, omniscient in the manner of Macaulay and abounded in sarcasm and invective. It was clever, impassioned, but it lacked (according to Hazlitt) 'the eloquence of the imagination or the heart.'

The portrait by Gambardella which prefaces this biography and looks as though it might be more at home in the Garrick Club than the sedate Senate House of London University, contains more clues to an elusive personality than a great many pages of the text. The mobile face with the cold eyes, the contrived stance, the modish extravagance of stock and the striking plaid trousers (the cloth of which he bought in bales, twenty years' supply at a time) are those of the actor-orator, whose voice, according to contemporaries, rose to a scream and died to a whisper, whose long, lean, waving finger mesmerised, who fascinated by his farouche and shambling gait – who had, in fact, the daemonic power to make hearts dance, tears start and flesh creep. Such a concentration of histrionic talent combined with an outstanding intellect and unflagging industry made Brougham a formidable figure, and in 1820 he established himself as a popular idol by his able and courageous defence of Queen Caroline. For the next ten years Brougham's name was on every tongue and when the Whigs returned to power in 1830 he was persuaded to accept the Lord Chancellorship, although he himself wished for the Rolls, which would have enabled him to retain his seat in the Commons. He played the 'beau rôle' in the debates on the Reform Bill and spoke for three and a half hours in the Lords debate of October, 1831, ending on his knees, ostensibly in prayer, but in reality drunk on mulled claret, and had to be assisted on to the Woolsack. In 1834 the Whigs went out and when the Cabinet was reconstructed next year Brougham was dropped. 'God damn you,' said Melbourne, 'I tell you I can't give you the Great Seal, and there's an end of it.' He never held office again.

His downfall has been variously accounted for. The truth is that the public side of his character was unamiable and unattractive. He was insanely jealous, unpredictable, *'le sublime et le buffon à la fois,'* eccentric, a betrayer of confidences, and the victim of vaulting ambition which he was unwilling or unable to conceal. 'He always hated the broad Turnpike roads of life and arrived at his goals by crossing the country over hedge and ditch', wrote that repository of common sense, Sydney Smith—and his capricious progress exasperated the Whigs. Brougham had always been a big gun whose fire they were unable to direct. No man's talents were more universally admired, no one's character, judgment and discretion was less respected. He lacked, it was felt, 'the qualities which scarcely admit of definition, but which serve the same purpose that ballast does for a ship.' It was not only his dignity but his sincerity that was in question. His political principles had always been ill-defined, he espoused only causes which had popular appeal, and the reforms he sponsored (and indeed brought to fruition) had originated in other minds. It is difficult to decide whether he inspired public opinion or echoed it, whether he was on the side of progress or a mere opportunist. But what finally caused him to forfeit the confidence of his contemporaries was a swaggering insolence combined with changes of front so abrupt and behaviour so erratic as to lead them to suspect that Brougham was insane. Indeed Sefton, Greville and Mme de Lieven all stated categorically that he was mad at one time or another, and Brougham himself cried to Melbourne when he was dismissed from the Government, almost rhetorically and certainly not without pathos, 'I am not mad am I. You don't think I am mad.'

For 38 years after his fall Brougham continued to take an active part in the House of Lords debates and frequently 'turned the House into a bear garden.' 'Well,' Lord Lyndhurst once said, 'How long will Brougham speak, do you think? We shall have some good fun from him. What lies he will tell and how he will misrepresent everything! Come, let's have done our tea that we mayn't miss him, eh?' He sat constantly on Privy Council cases, where he made himself obnoxious by his arrogance, impatience and frivolity, reading newspapers, writing letters and cracking jokes as the hearing proceeded. He travelled, dabbled in diplomacy, compiled several literary and scientific works (including a ludicrously inept translation of Demosthenes Upon the Crown) and even tried to get himself returned as a deputy in the National Assembly of 1848. But gradually he grew more *'propre, grave, modeste de façon a m'inquiéter,'* wrote Mme de Lieven to her old crony Lord Aberdeen and added *'je regrette Brougham l'ancien.'* And in his ninetieth year his restless mind finally gave way.

The life of a politician is by its very nature one of deep mortification, but Brougham had his compensations. Contemporaries who condemned his public failings were unanimous in extolling his personal charm. He had in fact many private virtues. He had a genuine and disinterested passion for knowledge, he showed constant consideration for a foolish and hypochondriac wife, and in an age of jobbery and corruption lived up to his own axiom that 'gold could be bought too dear.' He could be generous if disconcerting in friendship. But the secret of his fascination lay in the brilliance of his conversation, easy, spontaneous, familiar and omniscient which, combined with a childlike gaiety of heart and exuberant high spirits lit many fires in cold drawing rooms. Sydney Smith liked him, Wellington had regard for him and he charmed Harriet Wilson. Perhaps Crabb Robinson spoke the truth for them all when he wrote 'It is strange that in his presence I forget all my grounds of complaint against him.'

Anyone interested in Brougham and his times who turns eagerly to this new biography will be disappointed. Miss Hawes knows her period and is careful and judicious in her narrative but her comments are uninspired and occasionally banal. Apart from an unpublished journal of Lady Brougham which she herself describes as 'a mass of triviality and platitude, she has relied entirely upon the abundant existing printed sources and made no attempt to excavate the mine of manuscript material which is available. This is a great pity. Had she extended her scope I believe she might have achieved a sound and useful life. As it is, she has disarmingly subtitled her book 'a portrait,' limited it to 300 pages, deprived it of notes and footnotes and omitted too many of the amusing stories recorded by Brougham's contemporaries.

W. H. HUGHES

* *Henry Brougham.* By FRANCES HAWES. *Cape.* 25s.

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Wife, come away! Poverty's catching.
Come quickly, wife.
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Are watching.

How can I carry your heart, wife?
Mine is so heavy.
Don't ask that king for help, wife.
He is damned to skin farthings for eternity.

To the river, river, wife.
Now? Or never.
The place is sold up under us.
Surely they'll not let flowing water?

They will. If not, they're mad.
And a mad king will eat his crown and all
That is alive under his rule:
Including your bellyful of us.

O wife. Why wait? Come. Come, I am
Afraid of the blue policemen
And the little red judge who sits
On the rump of their horses.

For when all the king's horses and all
The king's policemen charge,
Blue wounds are dealt that the little red judge
Calls evidence against you in the morning.

Wife, you are bruised. And still
You reckon a grumble scares the ruler?
Of them speak neither well nor ill.
For if you speak well you lie, wife.

If ill, you're placed in danger,
And your womb is so full.
So let us go to Africa,
O small white wife, to Africa.

No? Then tell me, who
Will eat the goose that eats the grass
Off your son's grave?
But the king will give us a pass, wife,

A pass to Africa.
And the sun will shine in your backyard
While here the winters are so hard
That one wolf eats another.

But in Africa
We are related to the king,
His wrath will help us then,
And all the king's judges, and all

The king's men,
And our dirty white blood
Will thrive again,
In Africa in the morning.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

The Life and Times of Tito

Disputed Barricade. By FITZROY MACLEAN. *Cape. 25s.*

Fitzroy Maclean, 'the brave Scottish general,' as he was known to the Yugoslav partisans, described his wartime experiences with them in *Eastern Approaches*. Now, in a much more ambitious approach to Yugoslav history, he has expanded his material and brought it up to the recent past in *Disputed Barricade, The Life and Times of Josip Broz-Tito*. This is a serious, thoughtful and on the whole a well documented book – in my opinion one of the most important contributions to the modern history of Yugoslavia that has appeared in the last few years. Yet it reminds me of the dilemma expressed by Livy: 'There are times, men and events upon which only history can pass a final judgment; contemporaries and individual observers may write only what they have seen and heard.'

Classical historians who advocate this 'distance theory' argue that it is impossible to write objectively about contemporary events. They regard contemporary history merely as political journalism. For the writer who does try to assimilate and evaluate contemporary material – and there may be a great deal of it – there are serious difficulties. For instance, there is a great difference in the value of the newspapers as historical sources in different countries. For a historian, *Tribuna Ludu* in 1956 would give a much more objective insight into the conditions of Polish life than would *Pravda* of 1956 into the conditions of Russian life. One has also to keep in mind that the facilities of recording history depend, in a way, on the economic, cultural and social development of the country. There are also other factors. The existence and character of sources depend, too, on whether a country is in a state of war, has been overrun by invaders, or is passing through some other kind of upheaval.

The very nearness of the history which Brigadier Maclean has chosen for his subject presented his first difficulty. The second that faced him was no less complex. He was not only an historian, but also a participant in some of the events he described, which raised the problem of how much his objectivity might be influenced by his own background and his emotional reactions. Taking all these factors into account, and having read this book with pleasure, my first impression is that Brigadier Maclean tried his best to write as a historian, that is to say, objectively. I know for myself how diligently, over a period of years, he has searched out sources, interviewed the leading political figures, and checked his facts, travelling extensively in Yugoslavia, and visiting the towns and battlefields about which he was writing.

The best portions of the book are those concerned with the war years. Here, indeed, it has great value: although the entire story must await some other principal sources, including the Russian, Mr Maclean has made use of all available Yugoslav sources, and also the British war documents and other British sources. Thus for the first time material from different and sometimes conflicting sources has been gathered together in a book. In these chapters Brigadier Maclean displays his special talent for blending a mass of facts into an exciting narrative. He has a good way of introducing intimate and sometimes humorous incidents, such as his classic description of Marshal Tito's weekly meetings with him in 1944, as head of the British mission to the partisans, and his Russian counterpart, General Korneyev.

First he would ask the Head of the British Mis-

sion what supplies he could expect from British sources. The scale of British assistance was now steadily increasing and the reply was usually not unsatisfactory. He would then turn to General Korneyev. 'And what, Mr General, can you do to help us?' he would ask amicably. Once more the unhappy general would be obliged to explain that, as there were no Russian airfields in reach of Yugoslavia, his country was unfortunately not able to take part in supplying the partisans. 'In fact,' Tito would say dryly, 'you can do nothing' . . . Each time, as General Korneyev, limping slightly, made his way down the steep, rough path leading to the cave, Tito's wolfhound Tiger would growl and snap threateningly at his heels. 'An anti-Russian dog', Tito would say and laugh.

Where the book is less successful is in its attempts to deal with Yugoslavia's post-war developments, especially in the last few years – a period for which the sources are understandably much more inadequate.

For such reasons, Brigadier Maclean has come to much the same conclusions as those expressed by President Tito in a letter which he wrote to me – and which I published in my book *Tito Speaks* in 1952.

> The facts in the book have been correctly established and described. But I am sure you will agree that the interpretation given in the book to the different events cannot be considered as definitive, for the simple reason that a final evaluation requires a longer perspective.

But the contemporary historian has a great advantage over his predecessors. The world has changed: it has become smaller, and each part is able to learn in a space of hours of the events in the other parts. Secret diplomacy is fast disappearing. With the increased political awareness of populations, and the advancement of communications, the individual's role in the shaping of history is much more closely under public scrutiny. This is a new and decisive fact in modern life which should be taken into consideration by the defenders of the 'distance theory' in history.

Rome VLADIMIR DEDIJER

Time and Place

Poems of Many Years. By EDMUND BLUNDEN. *Collins.* 18*s.*

Great Praises. By RICHARD EBERHART. *Chatto & Windus.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Sense of Movement. By THOM GUNN. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It has become a habit to expect poets to come so exclusively out of their time that one scarcely remembers that they must have come from some place. We do not ask where they come from, and sometimes their poetry provides no evidence; there are outstanding exceptions, such as Mr Norman Nicholson. It is as if time had become the more solid dimension. The poet is afloat on it, an almost spent swimmer (Mr Gunn's book gives this feeling very vividly), and when he catches hold of an odd plank to bring him to the shore, he can hardly believe that the shore is real, or that it should be there. Mr Gunn treats this predicament seriously; *The Sense of Movement* is a sincere attempt to understand our perpetually shifting position. But there are others who are quite happy in the sea. The age of anxiety has immensely expanded time, for apprehension makes us live as much in the future as in the present, and changes the past until it is scarcely recognisable, so that to remember our origins seems an idle occupation, since they, too, are caught in the flux of time and are changed like everything else. The roots are awash. And modern techniques of 'communication' which bring China nearer to Britain than Edinburgh was once to London reduce mere locality to a dot. This may have been inevitable; but the problem it presents to the poet has not been solved. There is something lacking in a poet whose affections are not rooted in some special small place (which may be still there, or changed past recognition); some local life with its local landscape and associations. Otherwise there is nothing left but the general image of a great city, English, French, Italian, German, it does not matter which, or small vignettes of small city life, filled with hurrying time, and nowhere to plant a foot upon.

In any case, it is a refreshment to read this selection from Mr Blunden's poems, for it shows the English earth as a natural and human place with a stability underlying change. What part of England Mr Blunden comes from I do not know, but that does not matter, for it is there in his poetry. His theme is the English scene and English character grown in a rural place; scene and character working upon each other. The scene may appear restricted, yet it provides an image of human life, and Mr Blunden draws endless variations from it. The image is clearest, I think, in *A Yeoman*, a poem unfortunately not included in the present volume, and one of his best. He describes a countryman who has reached calm in middle age after a troubled youth:

> His sun seems nearer rise than set . . .
> And like the north star stablished true
> He cheers and guides my asking eye,
> To see him in his door anew
> Is like a sign shown in the sky.

The poems dealing with the first World War are fine in their way, but not so fine as this. There is an apocalyptic poem somewhat unlike Mr Blunden's usual style, *Masks of Time*. It begins with the last moments of sunset, when the woods are 'sharp and carved as Parthenon'. Then time begins again:

> Swarming grasses hiss; pursue wild beaks and wings:
> The clods roll their brown heads, all Golgotha in wrath.

This visionary poem, read from a dying sunset and a few natural things, has an extraordinary force. Some of the dream poems, too, are very fine. Other poems run on, perhaps, at a too contented level; the vocabulary is set in a bygone mould; but these poems show such variety, such charm and felicity, that they cannot be covered properly in a review.

Mr Eberhart's is a poetry of imaginative speculation, but the speculation is always rooted in the affections and, I feel, in some place. He has the simplicity of a poet surprised by words as if he were seeing them for the first time. Consequently his vocabulary is not attached to a period, as Mr Blunden's is, but is there simply for his own purpose, which is an investigation of experience. The thought is never as simple as the expression, and his inquiry takes him into strange places. A summer landscape may serve to start it, or pilgrims to the shrine of Sainte Anne de Beaupré:

> Such ecstasy had filled the hearts of many
> And made so glad the light of tender eyes,
> It is a hurt that dream is not eternity.

Mr Eberhart's quality can be caught in a line or two. Of the abstract thinker:

> He would not allow his eyes to see the rose.

Of the man who is aware of the visible world (and Mr Eberhart is on his side):

> He would not in a high perfection sit,
> Staring the day away in anarchy.

JONATHAN CAPE

Fitzroy Maclean

author of *Eastern Approaches*

Ever since he first parachuted into Jugoslavia during the war as Churchill's personal emissary, Fitzroy Maclean has known Tito intimately. The facts that he speaks the language, has a great sympathy for the people of Jugoslavia and has seen their leader under the most varied circumstances, qualify him as no other to interpret the life and times of Josip Broz-Tito. He has surveyed the whole sequence of events leading up to the extraordinary position of Jugoslavia in the world today. *Illustrated 25s.*

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DANIEL NASH

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Of the contemporary man:

A beast engaged, knowing the gates of escape.

These lines give a notion of Mr Eberhart's style but the poems themselves have to be followed very closely for the imaginative thought to be held. It is hard to give an idea of this rare poet, who tells us so much about ordinary and surprising things (more, I think, than either Mr Blunden or Mr Gunn), with such an (apparent) minimum of art. But the art is hidden.

Mr. Gunn is known as a young poet of great promise; his latest poems show more than that. He is endowed and plagued by an unusual honesty. His poems are a desperate inquiry, how to live and act in a world perpetually moving:

At worst, one is in motion; and at best,
Reaching no absolute, in which to rest,
One is always nearer by not keeping still.

The struggle between the need to act and the fear that action is already fixed provides the argument of most of the poems; Mr Gunn is vividly aware of *The Sense of Movement* and of the need to come to practical terms with it. 'The causes are in Time', he reflects, and decides that Time

plays us in a sad duplicity.

He does not rest there. The answer to the question he tries to make real to himself

lies in some embodiment
Of question mark itself, not what is meant.

He is troubled by the impermanence of things:

Ripeness that rests an hour in the fruit.

He states afresh and with great force questions which have troubled poets and thinkers in all ages. But he is aware of them as existing now, in his life, and he contributes something new to the old debate. He achieves certainty at one point alone, perhaps the only one reachable: in exactitude of statement, image and versification. The problem that occupies him is agonising; but his poetry is an achievement.

EDWIN MUIR

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Death and Mexico

To the City of the Dead. By GEORGE WOODCOCK. *Faber.* 25*s.*

Of all the republics south of the Rio Grande, Mexico is always said to rest on the most solid racial and cultural foundations. The Indian tradition is strong and the *mestizo* is established. Cortés has no statue in Mexico City – I rely on Mr Woodcock for this peculiar fact – and the Spanish colonial vestiges have no great sentimental value. The one flaw that pulls Mexico down to the general South American level is the vast difference between the small rich class and the mass of the poor; and the inheritance of the fatal Spanish weakness for paper projects which are weakly realised. Bad government or, in kinder phrase, personalism, has been the great Spanish export. How true are these assertions and what does Mexico look like to the serious traveller? Mr Woodcock, who has (or had) anarchist predilections – he has written good books on Godwin and Proudhon – is just the man to tell us. He has written by far the best description and interpretative book of contemporary Mexican travel that has appeared for a long time. He has read a good deal, he informs lightly but thoroughly as he goes along, he is observant of people and he is an excellent landscape painter. He has, above all, peculiarity of temperament. One can imagine a rather nervous, pessimistic, not unnaturally anxious traveller, alarmed by this violent country which has caught his imagination. Appalled by its misery, by the incompetence of officials and the small progress made by the programmes of the permanent revolution, now in its decadent phase, he has written above all an honest book.

When he and his wife crossed the frontier at Laredo they were mildly swindled at once by the officials and quickly learned to drop a ten peso note on every official table afterwards. Thus freed from Anglo-Saxon inhibition, they progressed easily through Monterrey and hostile Valles to Mexico City which is sinking into the old swamp of Tenochtitlan at the rate of a foot a year and which is emerging from a taste for the spurious Indianisation cult of Diego Rivera. There was a long westward trip to Guadalajara and Lake Chapala. He stayed for months, I gather, at San Miguel de Allende and gives a studied documentary account of this Indian town; and there is a journey south through Puebla to Oaxaca and Mitla. A good deal of the time he and his wife travelled rough in the packed local buses, through jungle, over mountain roads, from tropic to cold and back to tropic again in a matter of hours. They slept in those seedy hotels where the rooms contain anything from two to five double beds, often met with scowling hostility or mockery, and endured it all. Mr. Woodcock has mild humour; he is a dispassionate, sensitive and cultivated writer, not much impressed by the benefits of the monolithic state. He can describe impressionably the vultures 'brooding and more funereal than ever as their wings drooped down half-opened, like those of dark angels on tombstones', or the macabre folk art of the sugar skulls and coffined babies which amazed us at the Mexican Exhibition some years ago, or the grim visits to the catacombs and Mexican cemeteries; he can relate these things to the cult of death, violence and suffering which cuts us off from all instinctive understanding of Mexican culture; but he can also write about oil, the decay of agriculture and the caste system of the cities.

Since this is a work of travel and not a static study, Mr Woodcock comments as he goes along. There were fantastic things to describe: in nature, the insects. Clouds of yellow and white butterflies, large creatures with wide orange wings, silver and brown swallow tails, blew by in thousands from the mountains towards the sea; at night squadrons of large beetles invaded cafés *en masse* or smashed themselves against the street lamps. There were the leaf-eating ants, each carrying a leaf in procession like a parasol; in San Miguel a revolutionary army of these insects appeared, each carrying a geranium petal. There were the markets, swarming with fleas and lice as well as people. There were the alfresco restaurants set up in the street at night. There was the stench of *pulque*. There were the ballad singers and guitar players, the beggars, the opaque-eyed Indian masses, lethargic and patient. There was the grotesque landscape of rock and cactus and there were the more vivid prosperous people of the rich country around Toluca (for example) where the women wore wide skirts of red and purple and the men their red and black *serapes*. And whether the travellers were in the little sub-tropical paradise of San Miguel or in some harsher spot, they were living always in endless noise – not only the Mexican shouting and banging, not only the fireworks of fiestas or the thumping of bands, but the nightlong barking of the starving dogs in their hundreds, the crowing of the skinny cocks, and the voice of some donkey braying with all the unction of depravity appalled by itself. There was always (Mr Woodcock notes) another answering donkey howling back his deplorable, uncontrollable private situation.

Mr. Woodcock's book is so packed with movement and people and so unencumbered with the brightness of the usual travelogue, that it is impossible to convey its richness. His notes on modern Mexican painting and his relating of it to the present situation there is interesting. He has a gift for astute generalisations about political groups, towns, parties, tribes, trades and so on, and these give depth. He projects a temperament. He was a long time in Mexico, long enough to be substantial and to escape the delusions of the tourists who rush in from the States and who are rooked at the few luxury hotels. Above all, he is grave. He has emerged from that psychic shock which afflicts writers in this elemental country where everything is stripped to the bones.

> It begins with the landscape of the plateau, the endless hills worn down to arid skeletons, the plains desiccated into shady wastes, the lakes dried into alkali flats, the vegetable forms almost geometrical in their starkness, so that the very flow of sap seems dried into a tortured angularity. A Mexican scene can be so severe that it takes on the neutral quality of an abstraction, and in such a setting, one has a curious double feeling of having no organic link with one's surroundings, and, at the same time, of being isolated by them from a more sympathetic world.

The Mexican lives in a world where nothing can be concealed: 'As Proudhon once suggested, the man who realises that he is in the midst of death begins to live with a real intensity'. He does not, as the more sophisticated do, 'anæsthetise (evils) out of his consciousness'. If it is any consolation to the traveller, the Mexican may live in a country which has run with blood; but he rarely commits suicide or has an ulcer.

V. S. PRITCHETT

New Novels

The Hireling. By L. P. HARTLEY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Short Reign of Pippin the Fourth. By JOHN STEINBECK. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Altars of the Heart. By RICHARD LEHERZ. *Barrie.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Stopover: Tokyo. By JOHN P. MARQUAND. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The disadvantage of writing symbolic novels is that no-one is ready to take you at your face-value afterwards. Though in Mr L. P. Hartley's new novel the symbols aren't there any longer, the echo of them remains. A reader familiar with Mr Hartley's work wastes a good deal of time worrying whether he isn't missing something he is too dull to see. Unlike *The Boat* or the *Eustace* books, *The Hireling* is a straight story. It concerns only two people: a second couple drift around them to propel the plot and to make a commentary: but the novel is a duet.

Lady Franklin is a young widow, wallowing in grief and bad conscience: she believes that she failed her husband by sheer inattention. She luxuriates in confession to Leadbitter, the driver of a hire-car, a somatatonic, uninterested man who listens because he has to, and gives the answers his customers want. Lady Franklin would like to hear that he is married; he invents a wife and family and embarks with some difficulty, since he is not imaginative, upon the saga of their adventures. She manages to twine herself around him like ivy around some bleak and unlikely building, such as a municipal baths: inevitably, she loosens some of the brickwork. He falls in love with her – enough, that is, to intervene when he learns that a bearded artist with a mistress in tow is going to marry Lady Franklin for her money.

The impression of a lurking symbol (Leadbitter as The Outsider) is produced largely because of the number of improbabilities. One has to accept a good deal: one has to believe that Lady Franklin would talk so much and so immediately, and that the secondary couple would talk audibly enough for the driver not to lose a single indiscretion. Big cars, even with the glass dividing screens pushed back, are not particularly good listening-rooms for chauffeurs. Yet these doubts come in after the book has been read rather than during the reading. Mr Hartley's gift for sealing his stories in a tight pod of atmosphere never deserts him; he makes one breathe his own air. Any writer as idiosyncratic as he is, with as powerful an imaginative drive, can force the suspension of disbelief: it takes a writer as good as he is to make implausibility seem a virtue and to give it the air of an added dimension deliberately added to a story of rich girl and poor boy as simple in outline as *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and as prim as Grimm.

It is not necessary to brush up on the Carolingians to enjoy *The Short Reign of Pippin the Fourth*, but it adds an extra shade of irony to the joke. Pépin le Bref's attempt to make kingship an effective office was one of the personal successes of history: Mr Steinbeck's Pippin Héristal, thrust upon the throne of France quite recently by the consent of all parties, tries to do the same thing and immediately provokes a revolution. Mr Steinbeck's joke is a pretty good one, pointed mainly at the instability and incessant government-destruction of the French, but having a good deal of point for the Americans too. It is an amiable book, sometimes very witty, sometimes just a trifle ham-handed; this kind of thing needs the precise verbal dexterity of Evelyn Waugh or

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Marcel Aymé to be entirely successful. The Carolingian twist is a funny one, but not quite justifiable: it fits too loosely and sometimes seems, like M. Héristal's court attire, to be held in with safety-pins at the back. It is pleasing for him to have an uncle called Charles Martel, who is a dealer in fake pictures and antiques, but the elaboration is a bit untidy and unmotivated. Still, this is both an engaging and a sensible jape, fun to read, and with all the exhilaration of a sober writer's holiday-piece.

Mr Lebherz's *The Altars of the Heart* is a first novel of some quality, the minor triumph of an overheated imagination that may have to cool down a little next time. The overheating here, however, does give this story of a middle-aged American schoolteacher who wants to be seduced by an Italian doctor, most of its force: Rome is too sultry, and so is the doctor, and so is Miss Eberly, until at the moment of seduction her temperature drops disastrously, leaving her capable – as she shortly proves – of murder. Mr Lebherz has visual talent, a fair amount of human insight, and is capable of complete immersion in what he is writing. He has set himself, at the end of this short novel, a task too hard for him – the examination of conscience, or the lack of it, after a successful crime; but it is surprising to realise how close he comes to bringing it off.

Mr John P. Marquand has resuscitated Mr Moto, *Stopover: Tokyo* is a rather protentous spy-story, a thriller breathing out its intention of being 'something more'. The hero is an American agent sent with a girl agent, to Tokyo, in order to root out the usual Communist conspiracy. The young people, of course, fall in love and dream of the day when they will be together on the 'outside': but they haven't any luck. All the characters go around as muffled in suspicion as the Michelin man in his tyres. (Real espionage, one suspects, must have to be rather simpler both in technique and objective to have the slightest effect at all.) This is a readable summer novel, written with Mr Marquand's customary air of 'Look, no hands!' All the same, one isn't all that pleased to see Mr Moto again. With Mr Pulham, George Apley and 'B.F.', one was never tempted for a moment to say, 'Look, no head!'

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Father and Son

My Son's Execution. By WILLIAM GEORGE BENTLEY. *W. H. Allen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Already people are saying: 'This book should never have been published', but their reasons are as mixed as the presumed motives for publication. At face value, this ghosted account of Mr and Mrs Bentley's agony could serve as a horrible epitaph on the now repealed legal doctrine of 'constructive malice' in murder; for although that doctrine had in fact nothing to do with the liability of accomplices, the Attorney-General insisted during a House of Commons debate on the Homicide Bill (15 November 1956) that passive accomplices must in future be dealt with only as 'non-capital' offenders if constructive malice was effectually to be got rid of. The book will also serve as an unusually poignant glimpse of what it is that we are really doing when we put people to death in the name of justice, although it is the kind of glimpse that a majority of respectable people feel 'should never be published'.

To say that it does this job in the wrong way is not to concede for a moment that the killing of offenders, however we euphemise it in the law books and the official announcements, should be kept quiet and the sufferings of their relatives thrust aside. Mr Bentley's book might have escaped much criticism if it had not been for the photographs, but these have given it an absolutely unmistakable stamp of cheapness and morbidity. The writing itself is simple, unforced and dramatically effective enough. Derek Bentley looks a decent enough boy in the snapshots, and so does Christopher Craig, who actually shot the policeman but was too young to hang. But too many of the pictures evoke the nasty image of the tear-jerking cameraman: Mr Bentley placing his annual wreath outside the gates of Wandsworth Prison because he is not allowed to put it on the boy's grave inside; the Bentley family grouped in front of Derek's portrait, 'surrounded by flowers sent by sympathisers'; Derek's jacket, hat and shoes still lying as he took them off in his bedroom on the evening of 2 November 1952; perhaps above all, the 'two grieving mothers' holding hands 'when they meet for the first time' – in Mrs Craig's drawing-room, with the press camera fortuitously ready? This is all too reminiscent of the barrel on Blackpool sands.

But one thing that many readers would like to know more about is the decision of a Juvenile Court, when Derek Bentley was an unemployed illiterate of fourteen, with decent parents and a comfortable home, that he must go to an approved school for three years for allegedly 'taking some workmen's tools from a bomb-site'. This, says his father, was 'his very first brush with the law', and the story has a familiar ring. Do the Juvenile Courts *really* know what they're doing?

In an Introduction, Mr Nigel Morland, who describes himself as 'a blunt supporter of capital punishment, unmoved by the sentimentalists who scream against it', is nevertheless moved to say that the Home Secretary in this wretched case 'set a flinty face against an obvious course – the reprieve of Bentley. He should not have hanged and no excuses can justify it'. Most people, including the Lord Chief Justice who passed sentence, seem to have thought there were grounds for reprieve. This account ought to remove the last existing doubts.

C. H. ROLPH

The Age of Intensity

Studies in Rebellion. By E. LAMPERT. *Routledge.* 30*s.*

From the Other Shore and **The Russian People and Socialism.** By ALEXANDER HERZEN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 16*s.*

Thanks to the impact of German romanticism upon Russian intensity, the writings of the Russian left-wing nineteenth-century thinkers do not make for easy reading. What Dr Lampert says of Bakunin – 'There is a great deal to pay and to endure if we are to listen and understand' – is, in varying degree, applicable to all of them. The very articulate Trotsky once laid down that all revolutions are verbose; and with these forerunners of the revolution thought and language were impregnated with emotion.

> . . . philosophical knowledge was to them a way of freeing man from the ugliness and meaninglessness of existence, from the power of the commonplace and from man's intolerable servitude to it. They were quite incapable of adopting that humourless Cartesian posture which enables one to keep cool, disinterested, dispassionate and neutral. They were, on the contrary, easily provoked, stirred, swayed, inflamed, disillusioned and revolted, and their mental experiences were frequently expressed in violent and excessive language.

Some Russians, though perhaps few non-Russians, would accept the claim that 'they changed the relationship between literature and life, between thought and the world.' But quite apart from this, and however professional philosophers may now assess their contribution to thought, they did initiate and inspire the Russian revolutionary intelligentsia. Their contribution to world history is great enough.

Dr Lampert's book contains a general introduction and three long essays on Belinsky, Bakunin and Herzen. It will be of great value to serious students of these writers and of their contemporaries. And, for all the author's fondness for long words like paradygmatic, anthropodicy and megalopolitan, the book makes lively and informative reading for all who wish to know something of the ideas of the period but cannot spare the time or effort to go to the originals. Dr Lampert shows real sympathy for

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all his protagonists – even for the monstrous Bakunin – and wide learning is revealed in his voluminous and scholarly notes. In each case we are given a brief biographical outline, a vivid and often penetrating study of the personality of the man, and an unflagging and ingenious unravelling of the successive complexities of his political and philosophical thought. The final sections in the Herzen essay are very relevant to a proper appreciation of *From the Other Shore* and *The Russian People and Socialism*.

These are two of the most important of Herzen's works, and it is all to the good that they should be available in English in the Library of Ideas, particularly as they are prefaced with a characteristically stimulating and satisfying introduction by Professor Berlin. *From the Other Shore*, a series of dialogues written in 1848-9 (and essential to the study of France at that time), is an intellectual stock-taking following the collapse of the hopes that Herzen had set on Western Europe. *The Russian People and Socialism*, an open letter to Jules Michelet in 1851, is a very Russian reaction to Western denigration of Russia and an expression of a romantic faith in the role of the Russian peasant in the future of mankind.

Herzen is the aristocrat of the rebels of his age, alike in his standards of behaviour and his standards of literary style. At his best, as in his *Memoirs*, he is a writer of the front rank. *From the Other Shore* is unmistakably the product of a powerful and original mind. But after a hundred years the allusions tend to become obscure, the presentation old-fashioned, and the language (in translation) at times uneasy and at others even turgid. Much sympathy is due to the translator for what must have been a formidable task.

DAVID FOOTMAN

The Blaster

Wyndham Lewis. By GEOFFREY WAGNER. *Routledge.* 35*s.*

For a number of reasons, Wyndham Lewis remains a writer not easy to grasp as a whole, and what is perhaps the chief reason he indicates himself in *One-Way Song*:

> He has been his own bagman, critic, cop, designer,
> Publisher, agent, char-man and shoe-shiner.

The difficulty is to decide what kind of writer he is. Mr Wagner has written a useful and scholarly book, yet that particular problem I don't find him solving to my satisfaction. As an exposition of Lewis's political thought and æsthetics, his book is admirable. Lewis, in his attitude towards England and English institutions, was always the great outsider; it may not be beside the point to recall that his family background was Canadian, and certainly Rugby never had a less typical son. His essential education lay outside England, in Munich and Paris; and Mr Wagner very thoroughly demonstrates how deeply rooted his thought was in the French neo-classicist movement of the early years of the century. With T. E. Hulme, he was its great exponent in this country; and when we look for affinities to him as a thinker it is not to his compatriots we turn but to Frenchmen like Maurras and Massis and Benda, and to Americans like More and Babbitt. Here, the influence of neo-classicism has been profound – but in a very narrow field. T. S. Eliot's version of it in literary theory may have caused a revolution in the criticism of poetry, but it is very unlikely that the astute managers in the Conservative Central Office have been much swayed by *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture*. Eclectic as ever, the English have taken from a foreign gospel not all that it had to offer but, regardless of inconsistency, merely those parts of it that have seemed immediately useful. This is what we have done with Lewis, as may be seen from the fact that those who consider that they have in some sense been influenced by him are as likely to be democratic Socialists as high authoritarian Tories.

There is, though, one great difference between Lewis and most neo-classicists. Hulme speaks for most of them when he writes: 'A man is essentially bad, he can only accomplish anything of value by discipline – ethical and political. Order is thus not merely negative, but creative and liberating.' Now it would be untrue to suggest that Lewis would have disagreed with Hulme, but this is not where the emphasis lies in his work. His criticism of contemporary society was not dictated by any zeal to protect human beings from the consequences of their own radical imperfections but by the necessity, as he saw it, to defend art and the artist. As Mr. Wagner shows, fundamentally he was as thorough-going an æsthete as Wilde himself.

As much as Wilde's master, Ruskin, Wyndham Lewis's writings, polemics and satire were a gigantic by-product of his concern for art; and I believe the comparison with Ruskin is the clue to the kind of writer he is. He is what Mr John Holloway has called the Sage, and –

> . . . what he says is not a matter just of 'content' or narrow paraphrasable meaning, but is transfused by the whole texture of his writing as it constitutes an experience for the reader.

It is any rendering of the experience of reading Lewis that I miss in Mr Wagner's book. Neo-classicism may be the dogmatic basis of Lewis's work but it is transformed into something idiosyncratic and personal, into something fresh, by the quality of his prose. It is this that gives unity to his work, that makes, shall we say, *Time and Western Man* and *The Revenge for Love, Tarr* and *The Lion and the Fox, Self Condemned* and *The Human Age* all of a piece. Important as the ideas behind them may be, these books are, in a way, bigger than the ideas: they are the embodiments, one feels, of a native passion, a primitive force, that has found its own original means of expression. 'The language itself is inseparable from, or essentially a part of, the thought.'

Lewis, we must never forget, was a painter and remained a painter and draughtsman until he went blind late in life. Both when he was writing and when he was criticising writing, the archetypal art for him was still painting. This led him into difficulties as a novelist and goes far towards explaining, without our having to invoke his hostility to Bergson, his antipathy towards the work of Joyce and Proust. But it was also the making of him as a writer. When he said, 'The cortex, massive and sharply outlined, not the liquefaction within, I have always regarded as the proper province of the artist', he was describing his own practice as a portraitist and how superbly he renders the cortex, the outer bark, of his sitters! These portraits are not satirical. Yet any equivalent of them in words would be, and it is verbal equivalents of them that we get in his books. In him the sense of the eye was so powerful, he had such a gust and relish for externals, then when he came to put his vision of human beings into words he could not help being a satirist; and as a delineator of character in his books he is in the direct line of descent from Jonson and Smollett and Dickens.

But he had something else, too, an allied quality of a rare sort. It was as though, under the inspection of his eye, the abstract turned concrete, was frozen into form and shape and, if it was something he disapproved of, immediately became comic. He was a satirist of ideas as well as of men. Indeed, always behind the man Lewis saw the idea. That is why his polemics, his excursions into philosophy and sociology, are not to be separated from his fiction; why he remains one of the most exhilarating as well as one of the most formidable critics of our time.

WALTER ALLEN

Grace and Pedantry

Henri Matisse—Fifty Years of Graphic Art. By WILLIAM LIEBERMAN. *Thames & Hudson.* 50*s.*

For us today, the most important fact about Matisse – granted his genius – is that he was born in 1869: that is to say, only three years after Delacroix died. At the beginning of the First World War he was over forty. Although he produced some of his best work during the last years of his life, and although he once led the Angry Young Fauves, he was not, in one important sense, a modern artist at all. He was a modern *painter* in so far as he used for his own purpose the discoveries of Cubism and Abstract art, but his vision and his ideals were no longer typically contemporary after, say, 1914. This is not necessarily a criticism. Being contemporary is no substitute for being a genius. But it does mean that it is difficult for us to understand Matisse's work, and that it is easily and frequently misunderstood.

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At the focal centre of Matisse's vision is his concept of Grace and Charm and Pleasure. A proof of how far we are away from him is that just to write these words today is almost to deprecate. Grace, Charm, Pleasure, strike us as superficial and frivolous qualities; but for him they supplied the clue to understanding the meaning of life itself. His seriousness cannot be doubted. 'Work in Paradise,' he said, but his singlemindedness was as impressive as that of any other twentieth-century artist. And at the end of his life, surrounded by flowers, women attendants, aviaries, and everything that might delight his senses, he continued to work in what we must still call heroic defiance of disability and sickness.

Matisse's standards of imagination and taste belonged to the world of the French *haute bourgeoisie* whose St. Martin's Summer ended, I suppose, in the Thirties. Now, revisionists and anti-Marxists may scream at this and point out with glee that this wasn't even the class into which Matisse was born. But it remains true for the simple reason that no other class in the history of the modern world enjoyed the kind of seclusion, fine taste and luxury that are expressed in Matisse's work. The surprising fact is, that although this is true, Matisse's narrowness (I can think of no modern artist with less interest in either history or psychology) saved him from all the negative and destructive attitudes of the class-life to which his art belonged. He retained throughout his whole career something of Veronese's naive sense of wonder that life could be so rich and luxurious. He had no nostalgia – not even when he drew his subjects from the 'exotic' East. He thought and saw in terms of silks, fabulous furnishings, the shuttered sunlight of the Côte d'Azur, women with nothing to do but lie on grass or rug for the delight of men's calm eyes, flower-beds, private aquaria, jewellery, couturiers and perfect fruit, as though such joys and achievements, unspoilt by mention of the price, were still the desire, the ambition of the entire world.

Matisse's dedication – his religious attitude to visual Grace – saved him from the smart facility of a lackey-artist like Van Dongen. His milieu has made his work temporarily old-fashioned for us today, and in terms of our urgent preoccupations, irrelevant. It was only his narrowness of interest that allowed him to enjoy this milieu without being corrupted by it, or becoming critical of it. From it, however, he distilled experiences of sensuous pleasure, which, disassociated from their circumstances, may have something of the universal about them. Probably the world would be a happy place if everybody could enjoy a Matisse on their wedding-day.

I have written the above paragraphs, which are perhaps too short to be clear, to criticise by example the book under review. Matisse, for all his formal simplicity, is a complicated artist, and either one should say nothing and just present the enigma of his work, or one should try to explain, assess and relate his genius. Mr. Lieberman does neither but merely gives us a pedestrian account of how and when the artist produced his etchings, lithographs, monotypes and lino-cuts, a hundred and fifty of which are well reproduced. In fact, the text of this book supplies another example of how the new subject of modern art history is often nothing more than a form of profitable but evasive pedantry, disguised only by the 'modernity' of its subject matter. If anyone, apart from a Matisse Research Student, buys this book, it will be for its record of a few beautiful life-drawings (etchings) and the five cymbal-sounding colour plates from the book, *Jazz*, which Matisse made by cutting coloured paper when he was too ill to paint.

JOHN BERGER

Week-end Competition

No. 1,428 **Set by Buzfuz**

Competitors are invited to supply an extract from a TV speech or scripted interview by Napoleon to Britain, George III to America, Richard III to the Duchy of Lancaster, Ulysses to Troy, Big Brother to Eurasia, Philip of Spain to Tudor England, or Ethelred the Unready to Denmark. Limit 120 words; entries by July 23.

Result of No. 1,425 **Set by Hilbrian**

A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table;
At least as far as he is able—

wrote Stevenson on *The Whole Duty of Children*. Competitors are invited to give, in four lines, the whole duty of any one of the following: parents, pets, prudes, pugilists, or poltergeists.

Report

A large and enthusiastic entry – perhaps because we all like to think we know our neighbour's duty! The majority vote establishes that it is the duty of parents to be self-effacing, pets cleanly, pugilists vertical and poltergeists heard but not seen. Minority views were entertaining, like K. B. James's

It is the duty of the pet
To give employment to the vet.

And Mrs C. A. Clarke's delightful Mother who—

Must cherish, nurture and console;
And, most important, she should see
There's always something nice for tea.

So many competitors deserved prizes that the winners only prevailed in a photo-finish. The authors of the entries printed share the prize money equally. Runners-up: those quoted above and G. J. Blundell, John F. Procope, Morfa, Mrs Linda Martin and E. C. Jenkins.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF PETS

All pets (cats and/or dogs, I mean)
In conduct should be epicene,
Nor should they spoil our expectations
By savaging the wrong relations.

RHODA TUCK POOK

A pet, *e.g.*, a dog, should not delight
In unproductive walks at dead of night;
Mute should he hear the phone, keep off my knees,
And never fail to mind his Q's (*and* P's).

D. R. PEDDY

To let the family torture you,
To love (but not outlive) them,
And though they well know what they do—
Forgive them.

GLORIA PRINCE

The Peke or Pomeranian
Should never snarl or yap,
But try to win the human race
Insidiously lap by lap.

JAMES S. FIDGEN

—OF PARENTS

Parents should love their children and each other
Equally – but that's not all the truth:
The father's not so equal as the mother,
And Baby's much more equal than them both.

KATHARINE DOWLING

It is our parents' happy task
To give us that for which we ask
And, with their substance thus decreased,
Survive for five more years at least.

D. L.

Parents should be calm and kind,
Sturdy of body and sound of mind,
Never impatient, or flustered or harried—
And, above all, they should be married.

SELIDEMN

pairənts shood gladli cloathe an fead,
shel out the lolli wot wee nead
not inturfear naw bee a pest
but reelyse that there chyld ↄose best.

VERA MOUNT

—OF PUGILISTS

Pugilists must skill possess,
Hand-in-glove with – fearlessness,
Never lie down to other men,
And learn to count, at least to ten.

LITTLE BILLEE

A Pug should tuck his head in tight
Beneath his left and use his right
For fierce attack and cunning ruse;
Unless, of course, he's paid to lose.

R. A. PEACOCK

—OF PRUDES

When with wreathed nods and becks
Comes the awful monster, Sex,
Say, 'I simply can't conceive . . .'
And wear your fig-leaf on your sleeve.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

—OF POLTERGEISTS

A decent poltergeist takes care
To throw the cheapest chinaware;
But if, when vicars come, he's wise,
He'll take a little exorcise.

STEPHEN SEDLEY

A poltergeist should have his fling
With pot or pan or harmless thing,
And cease from flying off the handle
At smell of bell and book and candle.

JOYCE JOHNSON

City Lights

Prison Without Bars

The City was unpleasantly surprised by Mr Thorneycroft's decision to tighten his exchange controls. For a long time, of course, only foreigners wriggled openly and often through the gaps left by the gradual demolition of the regulations. If you or I wanted black-market dollars, we went about it discreetly; leader-writers proclaimed that sterling held by foreigners was now convertible (at a price), sterling held by British residents was not. But in the last couple of years Americans have begun to take an interest in British stocks and British investors have worked up a much greater interest in Canadian and American stocks. Appetites as keen as this tend to get satisfied. More and more people began to make regular use of the loose board in the fence. The habit became so well established and widespread that people had long ceased to regard it as unusual. When they did think about it, of course, they realised that it was a technical breach of the exchange regulations which caused a considerable loss of dollars to the central reserve, but they could comfort themselves easily with the reflection that the authorities seemed to be turning a blind eye at what could be described as another informal and tentative step towards convertibility. Now Mr Thorneycroft has suddenly announced that capital is leaving the country on too large a scale to be winked at any longer.

He has thrown spanners into two separate pieces of City machinery. Americans are allowed to buy British stocks either for dollars or for

blocked sterling, and one of the main attractions to them of the British market has been the fact that blocked sterling stood at a sizeable discount and stock could be bought on the cheap. In theory, however, the supply of blocked sterling was not free to expand. If the Americans went on using it, up the price would rise until they either gave up buying British stocks or bought them in dollars at the proper price. But it did not take the combined brains of London and New York very long to realise that by doing enough buying and selling of a couple of stocks which, for special reasons, were outside the ordinary restrictions, they could create as much blocked sterling as might be needed. These two stocks have now lost their special status, and the price of blocked sterling has already moved up.

In theory, again, the supply of dollar stocks which British investors can buy is pretty much fixed, and such stocks always command a premium in London over their Wall Street quotations. But black market dollars are not difficult to come by. The peripheral members of the sterling area – Kuweit, Hong Kong, Bermuda – have less rigid ideas about exchange control than the Bank of England and run excellent markets. Mr Rosenbaum of Frankfurt wants some cheap sterling to settle his bill with a London shipping agent: Mr Jones of Wimbledon wants to buy Sage Oil so badly that he is willing to pay a premium for it. Messrs X, the well-known merchant bank, have an account in Kuweit: they sell sterling at a discount for dollars, buy dollar stocks, and sell them in London at a premium price which gives them a reasonable profit. Mr. Thorneycroft, acting under the Defence Regulations, has now prohibited British residents from buying foreign stocks from other members of the sterling area without permission from the Bank of England. Messrs X, he hopes, deprived of their profit, will give up selling sterling and the black market rate will rise.

The fact remains that there is still a large and well-organised market in resident sterling and the City has got into the habit of using it. The pound is still fully convertible for a large number of purposes. The government merely hopes that by making it impossible to acquire dollar stocks in the old way it can push up the black market price of sterling to a point where commodity shunting ceases to be of importance. Whether or not it is immediately successful depends on the price British investors are willing to pay for moving their capital abroad. But the late boom in dollar stocks flourished without the stimulus of devaluation rumours, and as soon as these revive the arbitrage pickings will be too juicy to resist. Mr Harold Wilson, one hopes, is thinking hard.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 400. International Study Competition

Whenever the figure at the top of this column contains two nice round zeros I am expected to celebrate the event by yet another international study competition. It is open to anybody anywhere for as many entries as they care to submit by 7 January 1958. This should give ample time to competitors overseas, and the prizes will be 4 gns, 3 gns, 2 gns and 1 gn. Happily, I could persuade Harold Lommer once again to act as Hon. Juror, and moreover, his friend André Chéron has kindly promised to share our burden, even though it means taking time off that monumental work on endgame studies which, for many a year, Chéron has been dedicated to in the august solitude of his mountain retreat. With two of the greatest contemporary experts in the Jury the danger of a "cooked" prize-winner should be minimized though not eliminated, for the omnipresence of that danger has been proved time and time again, and often enough by our own valiant crack-solvers who have cooked quite a few prize-pieces by celebrated authors. Here now is yet another feather in the cap of that indomitable cook-hunter C. Sandberg the victim being none less than the great Troitzky. Here's No. 375, **B**: /8/ 4B3/ 2K1P3/ 24/ k1p5/ 2b5/. Author's solution: (1) B-Kt4, B-Kt4; (2) B-Q2!, B x B; (3) P-K7, P = Q ch; (4) K-Q7 and draws. Alas, Sandberg achieved the same result, less prettily but none the less effectively, by (1) K-Q7 and B-R3!

Even world-champions are not immune. Here, No. 390, **B** is a Botvinnik study: /16/ 4kpp1/ 8/ 2KPP3/ 8/ 6P1 kt7/. The author's solution (1) K-B3?, P-B4; (2) P-Q5 ch, K-K4? (3) P x P, P x P; (4) P-Kt4, P x P; (5) P-Q6, K x P; (6) K-Q4 and draws. This was refuted by *Shakmaty* in the very week of the study's appearance in this column: (2) . . . K-B3!!; (3) P x P, K x P; (4) K-Kt2, K-K4; (5) K x Kt, K x P; (6) K-Kt2, K-Q5! C. G. Hilton saw it in *Shakmaty*, while A. E. Harris, G. Roblin, and A. J. Roycroft saw the proper solution anyway: (1) P-Q5ch, K-K4; (2) K-B3, P-B4; (3) P-Q6!, K x QP; (4) P x P, P x P; (5) P-Kt4, P x P; (6) K-Q4!

No mean cook-hunter is Gustav Feigerl of Vienna who has sent me a most impressive bag of trophies including this celebrated 10-mover by W. A. Shinkman and O. Würzburg: /6kB/kt4b P1/rb4Kt1/6KtK/kt7/ 1Rp5/1p6/1B6/. Authors' solution: (1) K-Kt4, B-K3 ch; (2) K-B3, B-Q4 ch; (3) K-K2, B-B5 ch; (4) K-Q1, B x R ch; (5) K-K2, B-B5 ch; (6) K-B3, B-Q4 ch; (7) K-Kt4, B-K3 ch; (8) K-R5, B-B2; (9) B-R2, B x B; (10) Kt-K7 mate. Ever since 1912 this witty solution has been unquestioningly reprinted in scores of papers and anthologies. Now Feigerl has "debunked" it by discovering various alternative (and shorter) solutions, such as this one: (1) K-R4, B-B7 ch; (2) K-R3, B-K3 ch; (3) K-R2, B-Kt8 ch; (4) K x B, Kt-B3; (5) Kt-K7 ch, Kt x Kt; (6) B-R7.

A: M. Botvinnik 1948

B: Shinkman and Würzburg 1918

C: A. A. Troitzky 1901

To make amends to the great masters victimised this week it is only fair for the competition to show them at their unblemished best. The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Botvinnik forced Black's resignation in 3 moves. **B** – a treat for our much neglected problem-addicts – is a mate in 16, and so as to make it a bargain for 6 ladder-points, here's a useful hint. If the Rh7 stood on g7 it would be an obvious mate in 2, but it takes 14 moves to achieve just that. **C** (for 7 points), is vintage Troitzky, and without any blemish either: a win for White. Usual prizes. Entries by 22 July.

REPORT on No. 397. Set 22 June

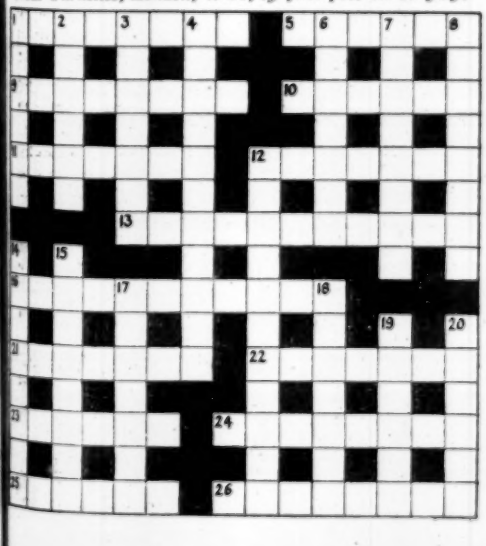
A: (1) R x P ch, K x R; (2) Q-R1 ch, K-Kt2; (3) B-R6 ch, K-B3; (4) Q-R4 ch, K-K4; (5) Q x Kt ch, K-B4; (6) Q-B4 mate.
B: (1) B-Q3!! P x KB (best); (2) R x P ch, K x R; (3) R-R6 ch, K x R; (4) Q-R5 ch! K x R; (5) B-Q2! *any*; (6) P-Kt4 mate.
C: (1) R-K1 ch, K-B1; (2) P-Kt7 ch, Q x P! (3) R-B4 ch! Kt-B4! (4) R x Kt ch, K-Kt1; (5) R-K8 ch, K-R2; (6) R-R5 ch, K-Kt3; (7) R(8)-KR8! K-B3; (8) R(8)-R6 ch etc.

Quite a few failed to see all the subtleties of **C** (and/or **B**). Even so, more than a dozen flawless solutions. Prizes: Gerald Abrahams, C. Allen, J. R. Harman, A. E. Harris, N. G. Wilson.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 259

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 259, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 23 July.



ACROSS

1. The crib with the clue in it is destroyed (8).
5. Makes short work of the rogues (6).
9. Say falsely and lose the gallery (8).
10. British protectorate with a Germanic letter in the middle (6).
11. Thrash an M.P. (7).
12. Toy which puts everyone in favour (7).
13. One of the flock makes her in love madly with a famous lover (11).
16. Practical sagacity seen distributed by the House (11).
21. The prohibitions for ancients (7).
22. Ghosts have a party in the woods (7).
23. Is about to rebel for the flags (6).
24. Not likely to survive, like a bone in a grave (8).
25. The bird to grumble (6).
26. Write numbers for mountains (8).

DOWN

1. 'The law is a ass,' he said (6).
2. Invest in corrupt Latins (6).
3. Here you can get something to wear for a horrific military dance (7).
4. Go in for competitions with rewards, by the sound of it, for adventurous undertakings (11).
6. Composer with inside the reverse of unwell (7).
7. Bad weather comes early in the place of retreat (8).
8. Bowlers cause the press to be disturbed around the tavern (8).
12. Town which makes a bachelor celebrate with another (11).
14. Under science an object is withering (8).
15. This disease is the devil and in France I vanish (8).
17. Oranges cut up for animals (7).
18. Number I hoard up for the avoidance of taxes (7).
19. 'In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery ——' (Coleridge) (6).
20. Confidential remarks which have the team at heart (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 257

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 257

K. D. Lloyd (Slough), J. Nixon (Geneva), B. D. Holl (Woodcote)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

MINISTRY of Housing and Local Government. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts in London. (a) Nine Assistant Research Officers, (b) five Research Assistants. Duties include land use planning, study of development plans, analysis and presentation of data on population, employment and economic resources. Age on August 1, 1957: posts (a) at least 30; posts (b) at least 21 and under 32. Qualifications: at least 2nd Class Honours degree, or equivalent, in one of the following: geography, geology, economics, statistics or kindred subjects. In addition candidates for posts (a) must have had research or practical experience in physical, economic and social aspects of town and country planning. Candidates taking their degree examinations in the Summer, 1957, may apply. Posts (a): minimum salary £1,135 (somewhat lower for women at present), but exceptionally a higher starting salary for outstanding candidates age 32 or over. Men's scale maximum £1,345. For posts (b) £595 (men and women); men's scale maximum £1,055. Increments granted for compulsory Forces service. Women's pay being improved to reach equality with the men's scale by 1961. Promotion prospects. Five-day week. Further particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4723/57/9. Completed applics. should be returned by July 25, 1957.

COLLEGE of Technology Birmingham (Designated College of Advanced Technology). Department of Industrial Administration. Applications are invited from persons qualified in psychology and by research or industrial experience to undertake the specialist teaching of Human Relations in the post-graduate schemes of study conducted by the Department. The appointment may be made in the grade of Lecturer, salaries in accordance with the Burnham scale; Men, £1,200×£30 to £1,350; Women, £960 ×£24 to £1,080, plus equal pay increment, or in the grade of Senior Lecturer with salaries in accordance with the aforementioned scale, Men, £1,350×£50 to £1,550; Women, £1,080×£40 to £1,240, plus equal pay increment. Further information may be obtained from the Registrar, College of Technology, Suffolk Street, Birmingham, 1, to whom completed applications should be sent not later than 14 days after publication of this advertisement. K. R. Pilling, Clerk to the Governing Body.

PUBLIC Record Office: Assistant Keeper. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for two pensionable posts. Age at least 21 and under 26 on August 1, 1957; extension for service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must normally possess (or obtain in Summer of 1957) a First or Second Class Honours degree in Classics, Law or History; but candidates otherwise exceptionally well qualified academically may be considered. All candidates must have a good knowledge of Latin and French. London salary scale (men) £605 to £855. Starting salary may be increased for approved post-graduate experience and compulsory service in H.M. Forces. Women's scale above £605, somewhat lower but being improved to reach equality with men's scale by 1961. Prospects of promotion to Assistant Keeper Class I (Men £1,120-£1,760) by age 30. Application forms and particulars from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 138/57/7. Application forms to be returned by July 23, 1957.

H.M. PRISON and Borstal Service: Assistant Governors (Women). The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for two pensionable posts. Age at least 21 on January 1, 1957. Candidates must have had a good general education and be able to fill a position of responsibility. They must have a genuine interest in reformative work with adolescents or adults. Starting salary (London): £564 at age 25 (or under) up to £705 at age 30 or over. Somewhat less in the provinces. The scale is being improved to reach equality with the men's by 1961 (men's maximum £940). Free unfurnished accommodation provided, or allowance in lieu. Further particulars and application form from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 227/57/10. Completed application forms to be returned by July 25, 1957.

LONDON County Council. Post of Responsibility. New large secondary school in North Islington, Marriott Road, Tollington Park, N.4 for 1,250 boys and girls. Headmaster: R. J. Werry, B.Sc. School will organise courses to G.C.E. "O" level, later "A" level. Applications invited from qualified mistresses for appointment as Deputy Head in January. Burnham (London) scale salary with allowance of £400 a year. Applicants should be well qualified and experienced. Form EO/TS10(SR) from and returnable to Divisional Officer, 20, Compton Terrace, N.1 (s.a.e. f'scap). (1291.)

RESIDENT mistress required, September, for expanding recently est'd. English School, Caracas, Venezuela. General subjects to boys and girls to 14 yrs., various nationalities. Challenging post, requiring sound health, adaptability and pioneering spirit. Usual fare, contract arrangements. Interview Headmistress London after July 21. Write Box 3824.

KINDERGARTEN Assistant wanted to help with sm. group children 3-6 yrs. in charge of Froebel-trained teacher. Box 2789.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MENTAL Deficiency. Applications are invited from trained social workers for employment as assistant local organiser under the Mental Deficiency Acts in the L.C.C. Public Health Department (permanent and temporary positions). Duties include visiting and reporting on mental defectives living in the community. Social Science qualification, knowledge of typewriting and clerical work and some experience of social work desirable. Inclusive salary scale £528—£705; abated commencing salary for persons under 24. Form of application from Medical Officer of Health (PH/DI 1260). The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by August 6, 1957.

B.B.C. requires Senior Assistant in Arabic Section. (British subject.) Responsible primarily for effective presentation (i.e., announcements, programme trailing, etc.) and publicising of Arabic programmes and supervision of daily programme schedule. Practical interest in the Arab world and knowledge of written and spoken Arabic important. Salary £1,205 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by five annual increments to £1,535 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.268, N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for a temporary assistant lectureship in economics for the session 1957-58; salary £700-£850 a year. The person appointed will be required to assist in the teaching of first year and probably also of second and third year students by tutorial methods in general economics and in particular branches of the subject in which he is interested. Applications (three copies), stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further partics. may be obtained), by July 19, 1957.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind, Hethersett, Centre for Blind Adolescents, nr. Reigate, Surrey (recognised by Ministry of Education). Sighted resident instructor required in September 1957 if possible for interesting and unusual post in recently established Centre for Blind Adolescents (boys and girls 16-18 years), with particular responsibility for further education, social training and "out-of-school" activities. Special interest in one or more of the following is necessary: Music, Physical Education, Typewriting, Gardening, Light Crafts, Hobbies. Applicants must be active, energetic and versatile; have experience and sympathy with adolescents (not necessarily blind) and their interests; and be prepared to take a full share in the life of a resident community; they need not be trained teachers. Salary according to qualifications, training and experience, with full residential emoluments, with appropriate Superannuation Scheme. Application forms from Secretary-General (Ref. EO), 224-8 Great Portland Street, London, W.1, to be returned within 14 days of advertisement.

LEBANON: Friends High School, Brummana, near Beirut. Required (1) Senior English master; good honours degree and experience essential; (2) qualified music teacher, preferably with experience, to take charge of pianoforte teaching throughout the school and some class singing in the junior school. Both are three-year appointments. Burnham scale plus cost-of-living bonus. Apply General Secretary, Friends Service Council (Quakers), Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

TEACHER required for Jewish School in Stockholm, to be trained as Headmaster. 500 pupils 7-19 years. Good administrator, able to teach Jewish subjects in higher forms. Younger man preferred. Fullest details to Dr. Bertil Maler, c/o Anglo-Jewish Association, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, London, W.C.1.

CERTIFICATED teacher required for September by independent co-ed. school for maladjusted children to teach junior class subjects. Apply in writing, Principal, Bylands School, Stratfield Turgis, nr. Basingstoke.

HISTORY &/or Geography Grad. wanted in London Co-ed. School (Recognised, full Burnham Superannuation). Box 3637.

WANTED in September for Boys' Preparatory School in Yorkshire a young Master to teach Mathematics to Scholarship standard. Box 3697.

C. of E. Children's Society require full-time qualified Welfare Officer for South Wales area. Welsh speaking an advantage. Car provided if necessary. Apply stating qualifications to Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11.

AN OPPORTUNITY for Imaginative Christian Service. The Leicester Christian Industrial Council invite applications from men and women for a Lay Organiser/Secretary. Salary £450 p.a. plus exps. Applics.: Mr. C. M. Baker, c/o Messrs. Wm. Baker (Leicester), Ltd., The Newarke, Leicester.

WANTED, 2 lady general helps in private hotel, work mainly bedrooms and lounges. Live in. Apply: Mrs. M. M. Garness, Barricane Private Hotel, Woolacombe, N. Devon. Tel. 44.

BOX Office Assistant, full- or part-time, wtd. by Irving Theatre. WHI. 8657.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

APPOINTMENT OF PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER.

Applications are invited for the post of a second Psychiatric Social Worker to the Slough Child Guidance Team. (Psychiatrist in charge—Dr. Mildred Pott.) Applicants should have had experience in the work of a child guidance clinic and should hold a Mental Health Certificate. The salary will be in accordance with the Whitley Council scale for Health Services (Great Britain) for Psychiatric Social Workers. The post is superannuable. Further particulars and forms of application can be obtained from the Principal School Medical Officer, County Offices, Aylesbury, Bucks.

FAMILY Service Units require Assistant Secretary, man or woman, for National Headquarters, to take charge of the administrative work of the organisation, including finance. Knowledge of Social Work and responsible administrative experience essential. Starting salary within the range £625—£850 according to qualifications. Appointment commences October. Further particulars from the Secretary, F.S.U., 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

COUNTY of Leicester Children's Committee. Child Care Officer (man) required in September. Duties include supervision of older lads in employment and helping with Court work throughout the County. Salary A.P.T. II (£609—691). Applicants should hold Social Science Diploma and/or Child Care Certificate, or be suitably experienced, and hold a driving licence. Apply by letter, giving age, education, qualifications and experience, with names and addresses of two referees, to Children's Officer, St. Christopher's House, 12 Talbot Lane, Leicester, by July 20, 1957.

PART-time organiser of humanist groups reqd. living in Manchester or Birmingham area. Mostly evg. work, might suit W.E.A. tutor. Salary £300 p.a. Apply Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W.8.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £29 0s. 10d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

GIRLS' Club Leader required Sept. Excellent conditions, twin club, residential preferred (not essential). Salary £482 p.a. (less residence). Apply in writing giving experience and/or training to the Warden, Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1. (Tel. EUSton 1816.)

RESIDENT Club Leader (female) required for duties commencing early September. Opportunity for family casework and group-work with all ages. Salary according to age and experience. Write to Chairman, Beauchamp Lodge Settlement, 2 Warwick Crescent, Paddington, W.2.

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management, 80 Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Vacancy for secretary-assistant to Information and Publications Officer. The job provides experience in editorial work, proof reading and preparing Journal make-up, and offers scope to someone interested in personnel management and social and industrial problems. Good general education and s/h-typing essential. Five-day week. Luncheon vouchers. Salary according to age and experience; min. rate at 19, £7 10s. Tel. HOLborn 3456, Ext. 109.

BOOK Publishers require woman designer-typographer (finished drawings only exceptionally) for book jackets, press advts., brochures, etc. Some knowledge of print and blocks an advantage. Please write giving details of experience or training, and age to Advtg. Manager, Phoenix House, Ltd., 38, William IV St., London, W.C.2.

DO you wish to work during your holiday? If so and you are a shorthand or copy typist, ring Victoria Agency, 66 Victoria Street, VIC. 2888. C/T.s £7 to £9 7s. 6d. and S/T.s £8 5s. to £10 12s. 6d.

PART-time Assistant Secretary (about 21-30) required. The Regent Institute, 9 Palace Gate, London, W.8.

EDUCATED women wanted as temporary typists and shorthand-typists with a variety of excellent firms and public organisations. Short hours and highest salaries. Callers only. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2. LON. 4609.

WEDDED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists, partially housebound, yearning to earn, can collect 32s. per day 10-5, £8 for 30-hour week; more hours, more pay, from Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

PART-Time typist required approximately four hours daily for contract work in book trade office. Work requires proficient typing, analytical mind and preferably experience of someone with legal training. Salary normal occasional typing rate. Apply Mr. Menzies, COVent Garden 2488.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SCIENCE graduate, with some teaching experience in Physics and/or Chemistry, required for temporary part-time lecturing from October. Please write immediately to the Secretary, Homerton College, Cambridge, giving full details of qualifications.

EXECUTIVE secretary, woman up to 45, expd., with sense of responsibility, for W.E. office. £570 plus 17s. 6d. l.v's. Portman Bureau, 78 George St., W.1. HUN. 0676.

SHORTHAND and Schedule typists are required for the West End offices of Marks and Spencer. Salary according to ability. Holidays given this year. Apply in writing, giving full details, to Staff Manageress, Marks and Spencer, Ltd., 82 Baker Street, W.1.

PART-Time Shorthand-Typist required, West End school. Knowledge French and ability to teach shorthand-typing an advantage but not essential. Box 3846.

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